

The Sketch



No. 644.—Vol. L.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



A FAIR COLLEEN: MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON,"

AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



London.

I AM told, by those whose business it is to know about such things, that the passionate desire for the Life Simple, so far from waning, is on the increase. The latest development of the craze is the "Cheese Dinner." If you happen, just now, to receive an invitation to dine at the house of any genuine leader of fashion, you will find that every course is a preparation of some kind of cheese. In the old days, I grant you, before the coming of the Life Simple had repaired our digestive organs, such a meal would have meant sudden death to nine people out of every ten at the table. Even to-day, I may tell you, it is only the very smartest of the smart who dare attempt the feat; only those, in fact, who were elected to the Governing Council of the Ginger-Ale-at-all-Times Society two years ago, and have been regular attendants, for a year past, of Mr. Eustace Miles's classes for the Scientific Salvation of the Gastronomic Nerves. True, it is rather hard on you and me, friend the reader, that the leaders of the Smart Set should be so superior in the matter of physical condition; but we may console ourselves with the thought that they need all their energies to withstand the terrific onslaughts of those writers who have not yet realised that the Life Self-Indulgent has long since given place, in the wealthy world, to the Life Simple.

Another proof of this queer change may be found in the fact that country houses and cottages may now be let, during the summer months, for almost any sum that the owner cares to ask. Naturally, there is a certain variation in the prices. If a cottage is within two miles of a railway-station, commands a view of a church and half-a-dozen chimneys, can boast a decent supply of water, and is so built that an ordinary person can get into it or out of it without making a hole in the top of his skull, you may rent the place, furnished, for three guineas a week. But if, on the other hand, the cottage stands absolutely alone, if the roof is a thatched one, if the water must be drawn, laboriously, from an impure well, if the railway-station is seven miles distant, if there is no sound to be heard in the depths of the night but the creaking of ghostly branches and the sighing of love-sick leaves, then you may consider yourself lucky if you get the desirable residence for five guineas a week. You don't believe me? Dear friend, look at the advertisements in your daily paper, and realise, if you can, the extraordinary influence of the Smart Set. In a way, I suppose, their yearning for creaky cottages and a bread-and-cheese diet is to be commended. For all that, the effect of the craze is decidedly inconvenient to those of us who love the Life Simple for its own sake.

It was the first really warm afternoon, and most people were content to sit about stolidly in public places and smile at their boots. As usual, though, there were a number of grumblers. There was a florid policeman, for example, who said that he had just received a letter from his brother in Gloucestershire, and there was not the least doubt that what the country wanted was plenty of rain. There was a commissioner who complained to a cabman, in a voice hoarse with anger, that the streets of London were not properly watered, never had been properly watered, and never would be. There was a stout young girl on an omnibus, who fell foul of her equally stout mother because the elder lady preferred to ride outside instead of inside. As it happened, I was taking my daily airing on the seat immediately in front of them, and, for the life of me, I could not help overhearing their conversation. Here it is—

THE GIRL. What on earth did you want to go outside for?

THE MOTHER. It's much nicer outside. It's so stuffy inside.

THE GIRL. It's not worth while going outside such a short way. We've done nothing but climb up and down. It's all climbing up and down.

THE MOTHER. Oh, don't grumble, there's a good girl. What a pretty dress that lady in the carriage has got on!

THE GIRL. Well, so it is. We've been climbing up and down ever since we came out. I'm tired to death.

THE MOTHER. You'll get a nice blow up here. That's the Park.

THE GIRL. I know that. Can't you give anyone a bit more room?

THE MOTHER. Is that better? I'm all squashed up myself.

THE GIRL. There was plenty of room inside.

THE MOTHER. Oh, don't start that all over again. I wonder what that Club is. There's a lot of ladies having tea, look!

THE GIRL. You'd better join it, and then you'll know. Phew! Isn't it fearful and hot!

THE MOTHER. I like it, except only when I'm walking. Don't forget yer parcel.

THE GIRL. All right. I'm not such a one to forget things as you are.

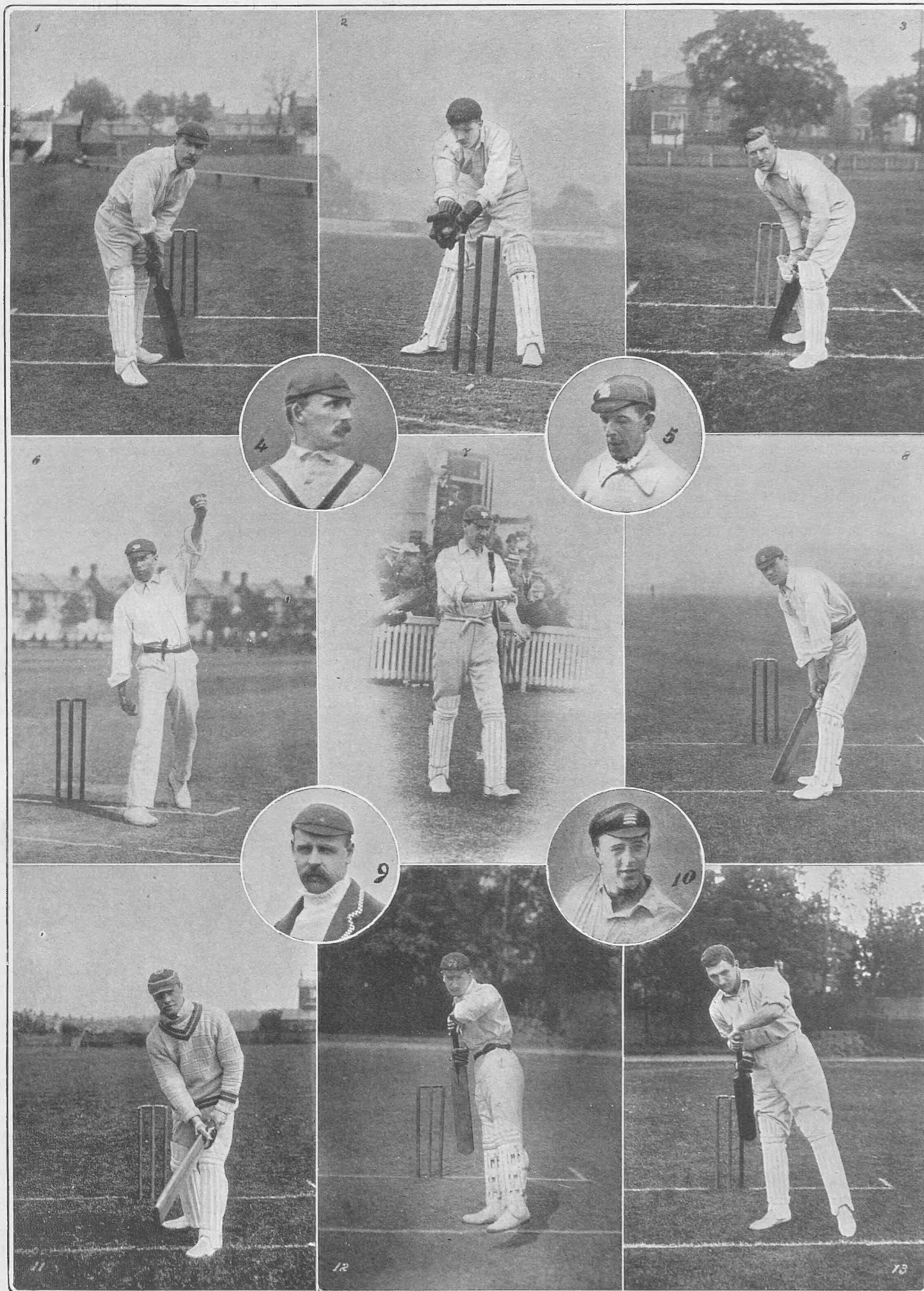
THE MOTHER. Oh, don't snap, there's a good girl.

The omnibus stopped. They clambered down, struggled along the pavement, and wandered round the corner. So far as I could judge, the girl was still grumbling.

I am surprised at "Caroline." In fact, "Caroline" pains me. You *must* know "Caroline"! She writes in the *Girl's Realm*, and is therefore an educational influence in the lives of the future mothers of our race. "Caroline," to speak seriously, has great responsibilities. It is for her to inspire in the breast of English girlhood a deep, reverent regard for the male sex. "Caroline," more than most of us, has the opportunity of removing the erroneous impression that a man is a beast, that he should be talked to as such, talked about as such, fed as such, abused as such, and plundered as such. "Caroline," I say, has quite exceptional privileges, yet how does she avail herself of them? To my horror, I find my "Caroline" actually committing herself to this cruel libel: "The general topic of conversation between men is food." Imagine, I beg of you, the harm that may result from so unwarranted, so unjust a statement. Sadie, let us suppose, is in love with Peter. He has persuaded her, not entirely without difficulty, to look upon him as a creature who, though made of common clay, is not very far removed from the angels. He has told her, and even put it in writing, that all his thoughts are of Sadie, all his dreams, all his imaginings. Every breath that he draws is drawn for Sadie. And then, after a sad, sweet farewell in the kitchen-garden, Sadie runs indoors to read the June number of the *Girl's Realm*, and is told, by her own "Caroline," that the general topic of conversation between men is food. I'm sorry to have to say it, "Caroline," but I am disappointed in you.

A writer in the *World* delivers herself of an astonishing opinion. She considers, if you please, that "women have reason to feel resentful towards present-day illustrated journalism. Now that all such scenes as those at Ranelagh, Hurlingham, Ascot, etc., are snapshotted," she declares, "we get the most unbecoming studies of well-known people. We see how badly this one was walking, how shockingly another holds her arms, while the wind, catching another's dress at the psychological moment"—By the way, everything, nowadays, happens at the "psychological moment"—"gives her the appearance of being lop-sided." And the illustrated journals, for this reason, are to be resented? Why, anybody who thinks over the subject quite calmly will see that the illustrated journals are constantly striving to correct the harsh representations of the snapshot photographer. If you formed your opinion of Lady L—, for instance, from the picture now being exhibited on the Biograph at the Palace, you would cry out that people called her lovely, being hideous, simply because she was Lady L—. But, taking up a copy of *The Sketch* the following day, you see the real Lady L—, and bless, in consequence, the corrective illustrated journals.

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA:
THE ENGLISH TEAM FOR THE FIRST TEST MATCH.



1. J. GUNN (NOTTS). 2. A. A. LILLEY (WARWICKSHIRE). 3. MR. A. O. JONES (NOTTS). 4. MR. A. C. MACLAREN (LANCASHIRE). 5. E. ARNOLD (WORCESTERSHIRE).
6. W. RHODES (YORKSHIRE). 7. HON. F. S. JACKSON, CAPTAIN (YORKSHIRE). 8. W. LEES (SURREY). 9. T. HAYWARD (SURREY). 10. MR. B. J. T. ROSANQUET (MIDDLESEX).
11. MR. G. I. JESSOP (GLOUCESTER). 12. J. T. TYLDESLEY (LANCASHIRE). 13. MR. C. B. FRY (SUSSEX).

(See "The Mere Man.") Photographs by Bowden Bros.

THE CLUBMAN.

A Ladies' Driving Club—Tournaments of Doves—Mr. Reid and "Hands Across the Sea"—Unwon Medals.

THE ladies of New York now have their Driving Club, and Miss Reid, the daughter of the new Ambassador to St. James's, in a ravishing costume founded on the old stage-coaching models, has led her fellow-members in a drive, has pulled out of the line to see the other coaches go past, and, as president, has received that little jerk of the whip-hand which constitutes a salute. None of our ladies has as yet adopted the beaver hat, buff waistcoat, and long uniform-coat, but, perhaps, when Miss Reid comes amongst us she may organise a London Ladies' Driving Club as she has organised a New York one.

There is plenty of material in London, as anyone who was at Hurlingham on Saturday, when ladies' driving competitions were held, could tell. Both at the Club at Fulham and that at Barn Elms, on driving days, a dozen ladies may be seen taking the coaches in and out of the gates and down the narrow lane marked out by bollards, with a certainty which many mere men "whips" envy. The ladies can do rougher work, too, and I have more than once sat behind a coachwoman driving a fairly rough team for one of the stages done by a road-coach. The old professional driver of the coach said that that particular team pulled his wrists off, but they never pulled an ounce against the lady's gentler methods. All, or nearly all, our lady drivers have the gift of "hands" which tames horses, just as "tact" tames men.

The members of Hurlingham have decided, by a large majority over the two-thirds required, that on New Year's Day next pigeon-shooting is to cease as one of the amusements or sports to be allowed in the Club-grounds. This decision is really a victory for the ladies, for pigeon-shooting was one of the *raisons d'être* of the Club, and in the early days many men joined it only as a shooting-centre. Since Hurlingham has become a vast Society picnic, it has certainly sounded strange to hear the guns cracking so close to the line of ladies watching the polo and to the tea-tables under the trees, and I have no doubt that the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the Hurlingham members have expressed their full approval of the vote.

And let me hasten, if I may do so without impertinence, to add my congratulations. In mid-Victorian days British sport was more brutal all round than it is now, and Ouida made her guardsmen assist at tournaments of doves as a natural part of their life in London; but with the coming of gentler methods, in these days when we take the rowels out of polo-players' spurs, it has come to be felt that, if men choose to shoot pigeons, such



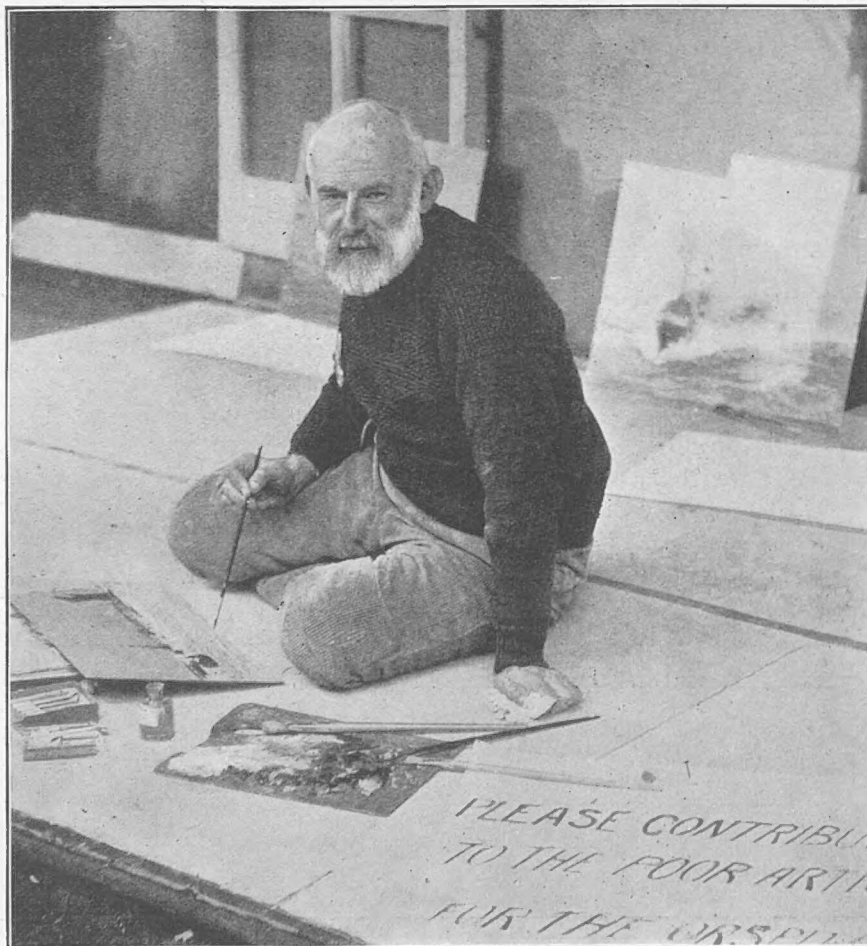
A RECORD-PRICE ENGRAVING: THE ENGRAVING AFTER REYNOLDS'S "CATHERINE LADY BAMPFYLDE," A COPY OF WHICH FETCHED 1,200 GUINEAS DURING THE LOUIS HUTH SALE.

After a spirited struggle with Mr. Colnaghi during the Huth sale, Mr. Noseda had the satisfaction of breaking an auction record by purchasing, for 1,200 guineas, "a first state before any letters of the engraving after Reynolds's 'Catherine Lady Bampfylde,'" by Thomas Watson. Previously the auction record for a mezzotint was 1,160 guineas, paid at the Edgcumbe sale for J. R. Smith's "Mrs. Caruac," after Reynolds.

"Hear-hears!" and tappings of the table by other orators on his "eloquent speech"? Is there not an accepted formula, beginning "My Lords and gentlemen, this toast needs no words on my part to commend itself to your notice," which the chairman always uses when he rises to propose "The King"?

No, Mr. Chauncey Depew is right, and Mr. Reid is wrong! The American Ambassador to this country who will not allude to "hands across the sea" can only be a qualified success.

The Bill against the illegal wearing of medals which Lord Donoughmore is introducing may seem, to many people, unnecessary; but the appearance of unwon medals on manly breasts is by no means rare. The swindlers who beg as old soldiers and show a row of medal-ribbons are not the only offenders. Outside one of the big shops in a fashionable street I saw an old soldier who had served in my Company, and who, I knew, was entitled to one medal only. He wore a wonderful coat covered with lace, and on his breast were all the modern medals, from that of Abyssinia to the Khedive's Star. "They serve 'em out to you with the coat," was his answer to my astonished query; and I fancy that close inquiries as to how the decorations on many of the coats seen outside certain of the more or less fashionable shops were won would bring like answers.



AN A.R.A. AS PAVEMENT-ARTIST: MR. W. L. WYLLIE COLLECTS GOLD AND SILVER "COPPERS" AT THE HISTORICAL BAZAAR IN AID OF WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.

Photograph by Langfieri.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP TICKETS will be issued from certain London Stations as follows—

DESTINATION.	Days valid.	RETURN FARES.		
		1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
PARIS (via Calais or Boulogne)...	14	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
BRUSSELS (via Calais or Boulogne)...	8	58 4	37 6	30 0
Do. (via Ostend)...	8	48 4	34 2	22 11
AMSTERDAM...	8	38 0	27 3	18 4
THE HAGUE...	8	37 1	25 0	—
BOULOGNE...	8	33 10	23 5	—
Do. (via Calais)...	3	21 0	—	12 6
Do. (via Ostend)...	3	30 0	25 0	17 10
CALAIS...	17	40 0	30 0	20 0
Do. (via Calais)...	3	22 0	—	14 0
OSTEND...	8	31 6	20 6	20 6
LIEGE EXHIBITION (via Calais)...	8	28 9	20 3	13 8
Do. (via Ostend)...	7	50 0	40 0	27 0
ROTTERDAM...	7	45 6	33 0	22 6
	8	31 10	21 9	—

CHEAP TICKETS AVAILABLE BY ANY TRAIN (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted) and for return on June 11, 12, 13, or 14, will be issued from LONDON to the undermentioned stations on June 9 and 10.

RETURN FARES.			RETURN FARES.		
1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.	1 Cl.	2 Cl.	3 Cl.
ASHFORD ...	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
BEXHILL ...	14 0	9 0	7 0	16 0	12 0
BROADSTAIRS ...	14 0	9 0	7 0	16 0	12 0
CANTERBURY ...	16 0	12 0	8 0	14 0	10 6
DEAL ...	14 0	10 6	8 0	17 6	12 6
DOVER ...	18 6	14 0	9 0	17 6	12 6
FOLKESTONE ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	18 6	14 0
HASTINGS ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6
HERNE BAY ...	14 0	10 6	8 0	8 6	5 6
HYTHE ...	14 0	10 6	7 0	18 6	14 0
LITTLESTONE ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	16 0	12 0
	16 0	12 0	9 0	14 0	10 6
MARGATE ...	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
RAMSGATE ...	16 0	12 0	8 0	16 0	12 0
ST. LEONARDS ...	14 0	10 6	8 0	14 0	10 6
SANDGATE ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6
SANDLING JN. ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6
SANDWICH ...	18 6	14 0	9 0	17 6	12 6
SHORNCLEIFFE ...	17 6	12 6	9 0	17 6	12 6
TUN. WELLS ...	8 6	5 6	4 6	18 6	14 0
WALMER ...	18 6	14 0	9 0	16 0	12 0
WESTGATE ...	16 0	12 0	8 0	14 0	10 6
WHITSTABLE ...	14 0	10 6	8 0		

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on WHIT-SUNDAY and WHIT-MONDAY from certain LONDON STATIONS to ALDERSHOT (Whit-Monday only), ASHFORD, BEXHILL, BROADSTAIRS, BOX HILL, BIRCHINGTON, BROADSTAIRS, CANTERBURY, CATERHAM, DEAL, DORRING, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), HASTINGS, HERNE BAY, HYTHE, MARGATE, RAMSGATE, SANDGATE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, WHITSTABLE, &c. An AFTERNOON EXCURSION will be run from London to WHITSTABLE and HERNE BAY on WHIT-SUNDAY. CRYSTAL PALACE on WHIT-MONDAY. Cheap Return Tickets (including Admission) will be issued from London. For full particulars of the above Excursions, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills. VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS, ROUEN, AND DIEPPE AT WHITSUN.—14-DAY EXCURSIONS, via Newhaven. SATURDAY, June 10, from Victoria 9.45 a.m., 10 a.m., and 2.15 p.m., London Bridge 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 8 to 11, from Victoria and London Bridge 9.10 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class). Fares, Paris 30s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.; Rouen 35s. 3d., 27s. 3d., 23s. 8d.; Dieppe 32s., 25s., 20s. DIEPPE.—FRIDAY TO WEDNESDAY CHEAP RETURN TICKETS. From London Bridge and Victoria, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, June 9 to 12. Fare, by Day or Night Service (First and Second Class), 30s., 22s., and by Night Service only (Third Class) 16s., available for return up to June 14. First and Second Class Tickets are also issued by a Special Afternoon Service, leaving Victoria 2.15 p.m. on Saturday, June 10. Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

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WHITSUN HOLIDAY

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SAM FAY, General Manager.

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May 31, 1905.

Signature.....

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A new Play in Three Acts, adapted by Sydney Grundy from "Les Affaires sont les Affaires,"
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ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

JUNE 3.

THE QUEEN IN THE CORK WOODS
AT ALGECIRAS.

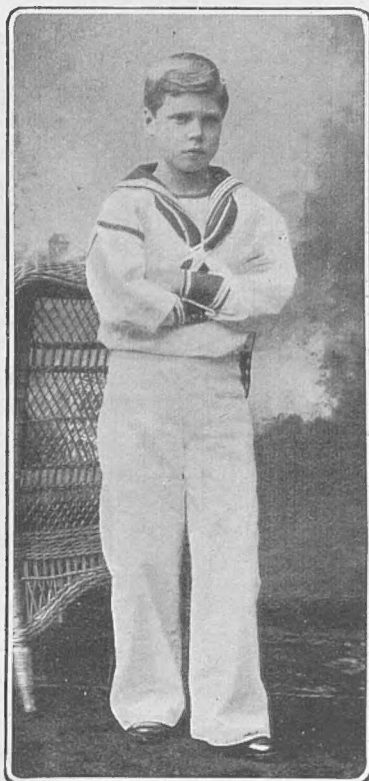
The King at the Tournament.

THE SAFEGUARD OF INDIA:
AFGHANISTAN THE BULWARK.

THE KING OF SPAIN AS A GENERAL OF
THE BRITISH ARMY.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



TO COMMAND AT VIRGINIA WATER:
PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES.

It is stated that Prince Edward of Wales is to command a miniature yacht, which is to be placed on Virginia Water for the use of himself and of his brothers and sister. It will take the form of a forty-two foot naval picket-boat, specially rigged, and will be the smallest brig in the world.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

followed by the Torch Dance. Very different, and yet quite as stately and imposing, are the arrangements connected with our own Royal wedding, and for many years past no such brilliant Royal house-party will have been gathered together at Windsor Castle.

To Command at Virginia Water.

The naval career which is said to be marked out for Prince "Eddie" of Wales is evidently to begin rather earlier than was anticipated, and in a most picturesque manner. For some time past a forty-two foot naval picket-boat has been in process of reconstruction as a miniature brig, bearing a figure-head of the King in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet; and this, it is said, will be stationed on Virginia Water for the use of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Prince "Eddie" will have command of her, and if it be true that there are two double sets of braces to be tackled whenever the yards have to be trimmed or the vessel has to go about, the little Captain and his amateur crew will have plenty of work to do. Should present arrangements hold good, the model vessel, which is being prepared at Sheerness Dockyard, to the order of the King, will be towed up the Thames as soon as she is completed, and will be re-rigged on her arrival at her destination.

Our Royal Guest.

How the great historians of the past would have wondered could they have foreseen that the day would come when a King of Spain would be welcomed in this country with the warmest manifestations of goodwill. Alfonso XIII. will never be greeted with more enthusiasm than he will be next week, when he makes his State entry into London, and the only feeling of regret will be that it was not possible to welcome on the same occasion the noble-hearted mother to whom the young Sovereign owes so much. London in June has been described as the perfection of civilised life, and King Alfonso will see every gorgeous facet of a London Season, from that offered by the splendid sight of a luncheon at the Guildhall to a gala-performance at the Opera.

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

THE June of 1905 will be long remembered as having witnessed the marriages of two future European Kings. Although the British Court will probably only be represented at the great Berlin festival by Prince Arthur of Connaught, owing to the presence in this country of our own kingly guest, the Prussian capital will see a wonderful gathering of high potentates; and, indeed, it will be worth going a long way to see the State entry of the young Duchess Cecilie. In the great gilded coach in which so many Prussian Queens have made their entry into Berlin, the future Kaiserin and the Kaiserin will drive from Bellevue Castle to the Royal palace. There will follow three days of banquets, presentations, and other functions, and then, after the marriage ceremony, what promises to be an historic banquet,

The Scene in the House.

The notorious scene in the House of Commons last week—which, by the way, is excellently depicted in the current issue of the *Illustrated London News*—consisted of shouting. Members of the Opposition shouted and screamed in order to prevent Mr. Lyttelton from being heard, because they wanted to hear Mr. Balfour, while the Ministerialists frequently shouted to demand order or to prevent Liberals from raising points of order. Much of the clamour on the Opposition side was of the recognised Parliamentary sort, but from one quarter certain expressions were hurled forth which were considered offensive. The Irishmen thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and Mr. Winston Churchill also played a leading rôle in a congenial drama.

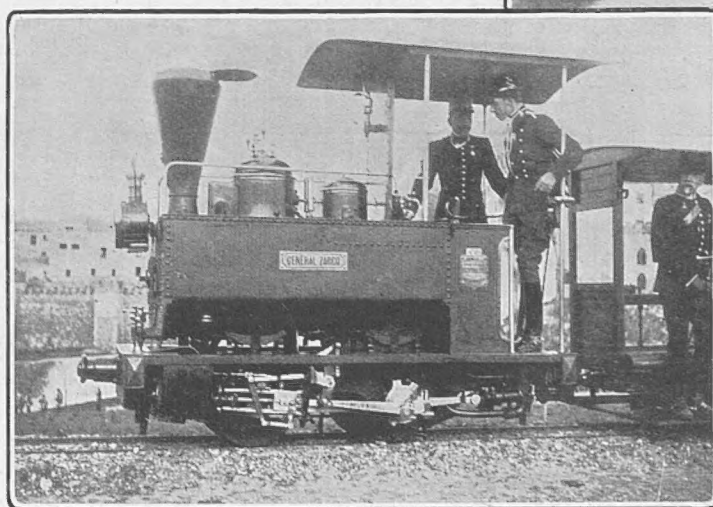
Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Lowther.

For coolness it would have been impossible to beat Mr. Lyttelton. He stood at the table—with brief intervals—for an hour, waiting for a pause in the storm, and, although he waited in vain, he never lost patience. He acted as if he had been sent in by a cricket captain to keep up his wicket without trying to score. Perfect calmness, as well as dignity, was shown also by Mr. Lowther, the Deputy-Speaker, who maintained the best traditions of the Chair. He was far from fussy, but gave his rulings clearly and firmly, and evidently both sides relied on his impartiality. His reputation was raised by his conduct on a very trying occasion.



LE ROI S'AMUSE: OUR COMING GUEST, THE KING OF SPAIN, TAKES A CAMEL-RIDE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CASTLE OF ARANJUEZ.

Photographs by Chusseau-Flaviens.



LE ROI S'OCCUPE: ALFONSO XIII. DRIVES TO AN INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS ON A DÉCAUVILLE LOCOMOTIVE.

Mme. Patti at the Opera.

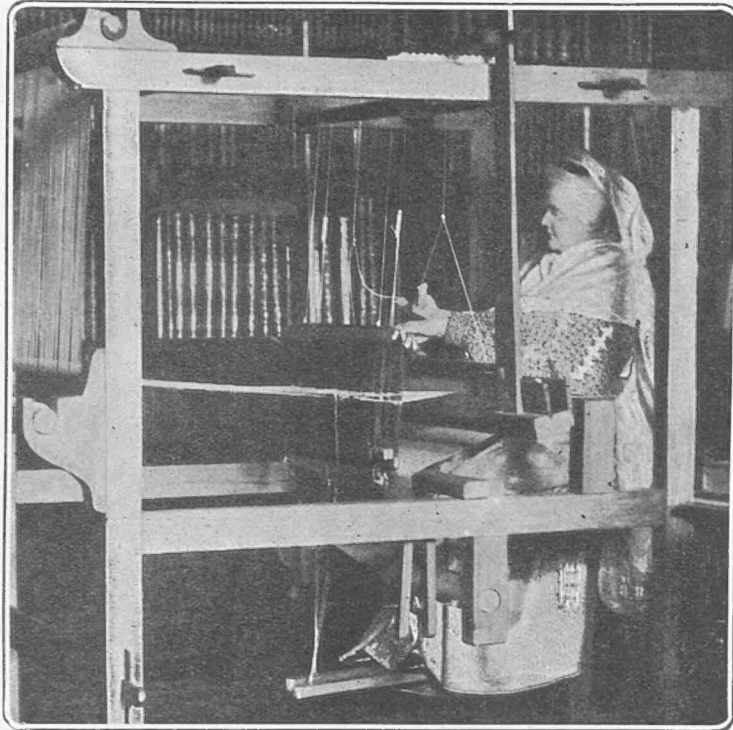
At the Opera this season nobody has attracted more attention than the Baroness Cederström. Even the little social flutter when Lord Rosslyn came into the stalls the other evening with his beautiful bejewelled bride could not compare with the interest created by the greatest living opera-singer. She shares with the stage the devotion of the opera-glasses; statesmen, financiers, and a few of the older members of the Fourth Estate wait upon her smile; and the few who do not recognise her wonder audibly at the blaze of light in which she sits. Her

jewels would compare with any in the house, and that is saying a great deal. The Diva is a most attentive auditor, and one likes to imagine some of the glorious hours that operas like "Don Pasquale" and "Traviata" must recall to her. Is there complete content with the countless triumphs of the old days, or has the music a call for her of which we can know nothing? Quien sabe? Suffice it that there is no more interesting figure at the Opera even when a Melba and Caruso night has brought all London to Covent Garden, and there can be nobody in the brilliant house for whom the music and the associations have so many memories.

A Post Queen. "Carmen Sylva" will remain in history as one of the most romantic and charming figures of modern days. The Queen of Roumania is a student and a worker as well as a poet: she delights in encouraging in every way the native industries of her adopted country, and she shares with the Crown Princess, King Edward's beautiful niece, a love of the peasant-costume, which has survived in Roumania partly owing to the efforts of the two Royal ladies. "Carmen Sylva" is not only literary herself, but she delights in the company of other writers, and she has entertained many noted penmen and penwomen in her fairy-like castle. Her Majesty has paid more than one long visit to this country, and one year she came over specially to be present at the Welsh Eisteddfod.

D'Annunzio's Plans. Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio has been talking to a correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, and has announced a new d'Annunzio. In that spirit of amiable conceit of which he is a master, Signor d'Annunzio now informs the world that he has, like some poetic silkworm (the metaphor is ours, not his), eaten his way through the trammels of verse to prose. But before he gives to the world the great prose novel that he contemplates—an objective novel which will show, he says, that "the poetic cure" which he has undergone for the last seven years has "freed him of all egotism," a novel that will show to an astonished world a Gabriele d'Annunzio of which it hitherto knew nothing—the writer has one more poetic treat, a play, in store for us. At present, not a line of the epoch-making novel appears to have been written, but one great step towards its composition has been taken. M. d'Annunzio has bought a fifteenth-century ink-pot of white porcelain, in which two heraldic lions hold the vessel with the sacred ink. Meanwhile, he has finished his poetic play, "The Ship," which should be interesting. "The Ship" is treated as a symbol, and the play is the story of the birth of Venice. A handful of Romans, driven out of Italy by the barbarians, take refuge among the little islands of the Adriatic. There, cut off from the refinements of their civilisation, they are in the condition of a primitive race. "The manners set forth in my play are superb in their violence," M. d'Annunzio told the interviewer, "and in my description of the courage and the tenacity of these sons of Latium, who, after having

ruled the land, determine now to rule the sea, I have, I think, written a work which will be epoch-making." The title of the play is taken from the building of the first ship which the Venetians' ancestors constructed. The scene is set in the sixth century, and Signor d'Annunzio is now looking for a composer to "frame his masterpiece in music," and for a theatre large enough to stage his play, with its four hundred necessary supers.



A POET QUEEN: "CARMEN SYLVA," QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

"Carmen Sylva," in manner unusual for a poet, is not only a verse-maker, but a worker, and does her best to encourage the native industries of her adopted country. She is extremely fond of the costume of the Roumanian peasantry.

Photograph by F. Mandy.

The Accident to the German Empress. It is hardly necessary to say that the news that the German Empress had fallen on the stairs and cut her forehead severely was received with considerable regret not only throughout Germany, but in this country and elsewhere. Fortunately, the bulletins of Her Majesty's physicians speedily assured us that there was no real cause for anxiety—an announcement all the more necessary in view of the cancelling of several of the Kaiser's engagements, the noiseless changing of sentries, and the guarding of the approaches to the Palace at Wiesbaden.

Paul Jones? After all, there seems some doubt as to whether the remains recently unearthed in Paris are those of "the father of the American Navy," Admiral Paul Jones, and certain Washingtonians are sufficiently incredulous to ask that further proof as to the identity of the body be given before it is escorted to America in state and honourably interred in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. General Porter's share in the matter is, of course, not discredited for a moment, but there unquestionably exists a feeling that he may be mistaken, and America has no desire to add a doubtful national hero to those many doubtful relics of the past of which she is said to be the home.

An Admiral's Grog.

The Temperance Societies of America are evidently not remarkable for tact or for a sense of humour. Acting under doctors' orders, Admiral Dewey has cut off his most moderate allowance of grog, and no sooner did the news become common property than various Carrie Nations or bodies of Carrie Nations spent quite a needless amount of their funds by congratulating the gallant sailor by letter and telegram on his "rescue from the demon drink." Such acts are surely enough to set "the Cause" back with appalling swiftness.



"PORTABLE ECSTASY": CHINESE CHILDREN WITH AN OPIUM "LAY-OUT," CHINATOWN, NEW YORK.

The portable ecstasy, as De Quincey has called opium, is still, of course, in considerable favour in the East, and especially in that most eastern of quarters, Chinatown, New York. An opium-smoker's "lay-out," as shown in this photograph, consists of a small glass oil-lamp covered with a glass shade. By the side of this is placed a tray holding a small box of the drug, a piece of wire for manipulating it, and a knife to scrape together any fragments. The pipe itself is about two feet long, and the stem of it is curiously like a flute. Its bore is about half an inch in diameter, and some two inches from the end of it is a small bowl of earthenware with a central perforation. The method of preparing a pipe for smoking is thus given in Mr. C. J. S. Thompson's "Poison Romance and Poison Mysteries": "To charge the pipe, a small portion of the drug (weighing a few grains) is picked up with the wire, kneaded and rolled in the closed surface of the cup, then heated in the flame of the lamp till it swells. This is rolled up and again manipulated, then finally placed in the aperture in the surface of the bowl. It is then lighted from the lamp, and the smoke drawn into the lungs through the tube till the first charge is exhausted."

Photograph by G. Grantham Bain.



A NEW GOVERNMENT HOSTESS?
LADY EDMUND TALBOT.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

and earned the D.S.O. in South Africa, will, if re-elected next Friday, act as a Government Whip in the House of Commons, and there is little doubt that the accident to Sir Savile Crossley, which has temporarily lost the Ministerialists a Whip, spurred the Government to action.

A New Government Hostess?

Lady Edmund Talbot, who is more than likely to take rank with the Government hostesses, has long identified herself with every kind of charitable endeavour. She is specially interested in what may be called the hooligan "caste" of London girl and boy, and also in those young workers who, in spite of every temptation, lead honest and industrious lives. Her position as sister-in-law to the Duke of Norfolk has also long made her one of the principal leaders of Roman Catholic society, and before the Duke's marriage Lady Edmund sometimes did the honours of Norfolk House.

Handcuffs and Picklocks as Domestic Implements.

The County Gentleman has discovered that the detective and his quarry, the burglar, are not the only persons who find handcuffs and picklocks useful, and argues that the former are invaluable as substitutes for the padlock, and that the latter must be reckoned amongst the fittings of the house in which there are locks and keys to lose. The worthy caught in the possession of what the papers are fond

The New Junior Lord-Elect of the Treasury.

In choosing Lord Edmund Talbot to take the place of Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, the Government must be congratulated on its foresight, for Lord Edmund holds, in Chichester, not only a constituency that has not returned a Liberal since 1863, and at the last contested election, in 1892, yielded a Conservative majority of nearly two thousand, but a constituency which comes under the influence of Arundel—and the new Junior Lord-elect is brother and heir of the Duke of Norfolk, although the will of the seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury caused him to substitute the name "Talbot" for that of his family name, "Howard." Lord Edmund, who entered the Army some thirty years ago,

of calling "burglarious implements" will now be able to excuse his incriminating tools, especially if he can prove that a jemmy is a magnificent poker, a dark-lantern safer than gas or electric-light, and felt shoes more comfortable than leather.

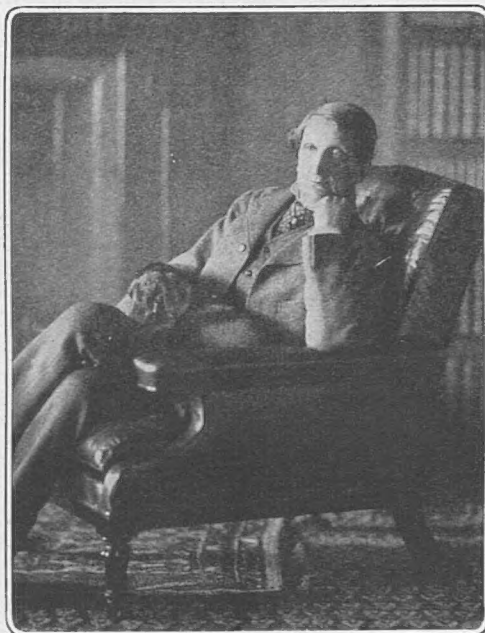
A Weather Prophets' Competition.

This is an age of competitions, grotesque and otherwise, and one which is about to be held, though it reads like a joke, is being organised in sober earnest. It is an international competition for weather prophets, with a first prize of two hundred pounds, and it is open to all those who fancy they know more about the weather than their neighbours. The examination

will last for a fortnight, and every day the prophets will have to forecast the weather for the following day, and the man who is most frequently right will be pronounced the winner. The competition is being got up by the Belgian Astronomical Society, under the presidency of M. Arctowski, who was the meteorologist of the *Belgica* Expedition to the Antarctic regions. There will be general disappointment if our English prophets do not do their best to prove that they are worth listening to.

English Pictures in Paris.

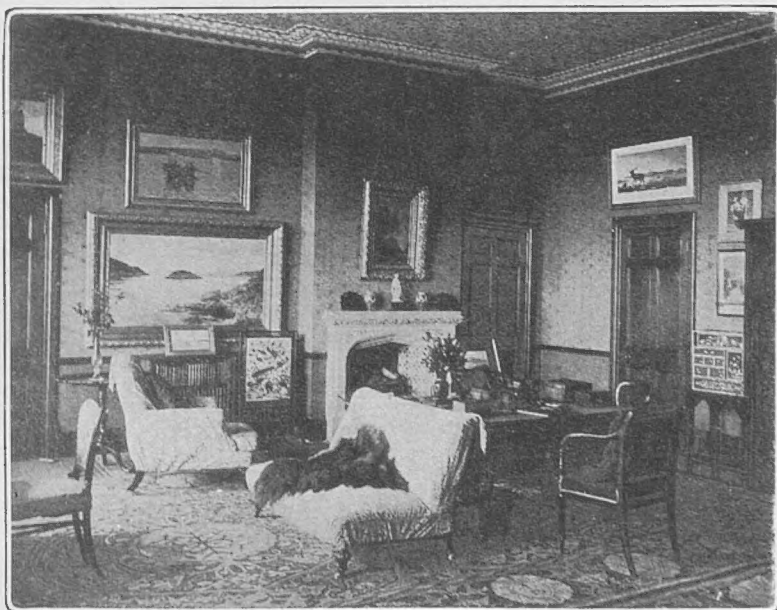
It will, probably, soon be necessary for Englishmen who want to see great English pictures to take tickets and set out for foreign lands. Our newspapers are filled with grim tales of this and that gallery's rejection of home masterpieces, and, as the exiled Briton sits abroad and reads the news, he smiles at the thought of the constantly increasing stock of great English pictures which the gallery or galleries of Paris, for instance, possesses. The new museum of Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, which has recently been presented to the State, has just acquired no less than fifty pictures upon loan from M. Camille Groult, whose property they are. Among these fifty pictures, all of which are by the English masters or their school, are works by Lawrence, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hoppner, Romney, Constable, and Turner, and before the month is out it is hoped to add other well-known English pictures to M. Groult's collection.



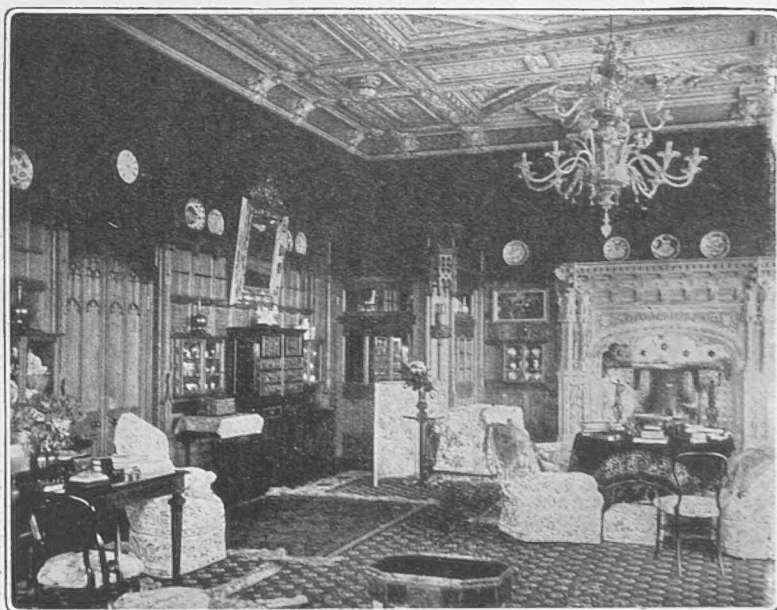
THE LATE MR. LOUIS HUTH,

The former owner of the famous "Louis Huth Collection," which has just been the object of a sensational sale at Messrs. Christie's.

Photograph by Ferrard.



MRS. HUTH'S BOUDOIR AT POSSINGWORTH MANOR, SUSSEX, SHOWING PART OF THE COLLECTION THAT HAS NOW BEEN DISPERSED.



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT POSSINGWORTH, SHOWING PART OF THE COLLECTION THAT HAS NOW BEEN DISPERSED.

The Louis Huth collection contained some of the finest specimens of Oriental art ever offered to the public, many fine examples of French, German, and English furniture, valuable paintings, prints, books, mezzotints, and coins. The sale at Christie's began on the 17th of the month, and the first sensation was caused by the sale of the Prunus-pattern vase, illustrated in "The Sketch" of last week, for £5,900. The sale continued till the 26th, and there was hardly a day on which exceptional prices were not realised. The late Mr. Louis Huth—whose death in his eighty-third year led to the disposal of his collection—was born in 1821, youngest son of the late Frederick Huth and Manuela Philippa, daughter of the late Don Antonio Mayfren, of Corunna, and married, in 1855, Helen Rose, daughter of Thomas Ogilvy, of Corrimony, Inverness. He was High Sheriff of Sussex in 1878, and Lord of the Manor of Possingworth, Waldron, Sussex.

Photographs by Ferrard.

LIVING LINKS WITH THE GREAT NAPOLEON.



THE MARQUISE DE VILLENEUVE,
BORN PRINCESS JEANNE BONAPARTE, SISTER OF
PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE.

has made her home in this country, and yet each year sees her spending some months on French soil, and she still takes a very practical interest in many of the charities which she founded in the happy days when she was mistress of the Tuileries, and set the fashion to the whole civilised world. The Empress Eugénie is the most intense and loyal of Bonapartists; she acts as family peacemaker, and has thrown the whole weight of her influence on the side of her two nephews, Prince Victor Napoleon and Prince Louis, although they are the sons of Prince Jérôme, the man who was at one time her own bitterest enemy.

Victor Napoleon and Louis Napoleon are not only the great-nephews of the first Napoleon, but they are connected with the oldest Royal caste in Europe, both through their grandmother, Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, and through their mother, Princess Clotilde—another noble widow who is proud of the name Bonaparte, and who is aunt to the present King of Italy. Prince Victor has made his home in Brussels for many years, and he was recently the subject of a rumour, now denied, that he was to marry Princess Clémentine of Belgium. His brother, Prince Louis, who is full of military ardour, has fought under many flags. He went through the young Frenchman's usual term of service, and then entered the Italian Army; then, in 1889, he resigned his commission and offered his sword to Russia. Appropriately enough, he was at once made Lieutenant-Colonel of the King of Würtemberg's Dragoons. He wished to go to the front in the present war, but leave was refused him, at the request, it was said, of the present French Government. Many French Imperialists would rejoice if Prince Louis decided to put himself forward as an official Pretender, but that, as yet, he has refused to do. The only sister of these two Princes,

THE great Napoleon was destined to leave but one son, and to have no direct descendants of his own, but, thanks to the fact that he exalted his numerous brothers and sisters to his own level, and that he found time to arrange great alliances for them, there are now many noted folk scattered throughout Europe bearing the great name of Bonaparte. Each and all, whatever may be their private dissensions, are united in honouring and in paying homage to the still beautiful and most unfortunate woman who was for close on twenty years Empress of the French.

The Empress Eugénie wears her crown of sorrows with great dignity. She

named Letitia, after the great Napoleon's mother, became, rather to the scandal of many European Courts, the wife of her own uncle, the late Duke of Aosta. She has now been for some years widowed, but remains one of the most beautiful women in Italy. She has one child, a little son.

A very important family group representing Napoleon I. in modern Paris is that descended from the great conqueror's brother, Lucien, King of Westphalia. The head of this minor or younger section of the Imperial family is now Prince Roland Bonaparte. This very cultivated man is believed to be one of the most learned of modern Parisians. He inhabits a palatial house not far from the Arc de Triomphe, and he is said to be prouder of his scientific attainments—which comprise a knowledge of ethnology and geology—than of his famous family-tree. Prince Roland is immensely tall, and is thought by many people to be extraordinarily like the great Emperor in face. He married, twenty-five years ago, the elder daughter of "Monte Carlo Blanc," but she died two years later, leaving one child, a daughter, Marie, who is one of the greatest heiresses in Europe. Prince Roland is devoted to his only child, and to his mother, Princess Pierre Bonaparte, who lives with him.

PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE,
DAUGHTER OF PRINCE ROLAND.



[Photo. Reutlinger, Paris.]



THE CHILDREN OF THE MARQUISE DE VILLENEUVE (NÉE PRINCESS JEANNE BONAPARTE):
LUCIEN, JEANNE, ANNE, ROMÉE, ROSELYNE, AND PIERRE DE VILLENEUVE.

By a strange irony of fate, one of the most agreeable and charming of Parisian hostesses is Prince Roland's only sister, Princess Jeanne Bonaparte, Marquise de Villeneuve. She is married to a nobleman who is, oddly enough, the head of a family famed for its loyalty to the Royalist as opposed to the Bonapartist cause. The Marquis and Marquise de Villeneuve are the proud parents of six beautiful children, and they are very popular in the French world.

The Italian Bonapartes are all descended from Prince Charles, a son by Napoleon's brother Lucien's second marriage. Prince Charles died as recently as 1899, but his wife survives him and lives in Rome. She was a Princess Ruspoli, and is a very clever, cultivated woman. Prince and Princess Charles had but two daughters—Princess Maria, who is the wife of an Italian officer, Lieutenant Enrico Gotti, and Princess Eugenia, who was married some six or seven years ago to the Prince of Moskowa, whose name, Napoleon Ney d'Elchingen, looms large in Napoleonic annals.

Should France, by any strange chance, ever hail another Emperor of the name of Napoleon, the many Princes and Princesses of whom we have given a slight sketch will form the nucleus of a brilliant Court.



PRINCESS PIERRE BONAPARTE,
MOTHER OF PRINCE ROLAND.



PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE,
DESCENDANT OF NAPOLEON'S BROTHER LUCIEN.

LIVING LINKS WITH THE GREAT NAPOLEON.



PRINCE VICTOR BONAPARTE,
SON OF PRINCE JÉRÔME BONAPARTE, AND
GREAT-NEPHEW OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

PRINCESS EUGENIA BONAPARTE,
DAUGHTER OF PRINCE CHARLES BONAPARTE,
AND WIFE OF THE PRINCE OF MOSKOWA.

PRINCESS CHARLES BONAPARTE.

EX-EMPERESS EUGÉNIE.
WIDOW OF NAPOLEON III.

THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA,
BORN PRINCESS LUTITIA BONAPARTE, SISTER OF
PRINCE VICTOR AND PRINCE LOUIS.

PRINCESS CLOTILDE BONAPARTE.

PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE,
SON OF PRINCE JÉRÔME BONAPARTE, AND GREAT-
NEPHEW OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

PRINCESS MARIA BONAPARTE,
DAUGHTER OF PRINCE CHARLES BONAPARTE, AND
WIFE OF LIEUTENANT ENRICO GOTTI.

MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

HOW the old order changes, how woman moves apace! Time was when the world was young and the Mrs. Bardells of the land brought actions against Mr. Pickwick. Nowadays, if I read my morning paper aright, Mr. Pickwick would take action against Mrs. Bardell. He would allege that she did conspire with Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Saunders to reject his advances, that, after giving money to the youthful Bardell for alley-tors and commonneys, after trusting her with the secret of his taste in chops and warming-pans, he was rejected, and left to linger solitary in the empty world of unmated men. Sergeant Snubbin would picture his lonely life, and show that "P.C." would stand for perpetual celibacy

instead of the Pickwick Club. He would demand a measure of the profits of Mrs. Bardell's lodging-house wherewith to solace his client's wounded feelings, and Sam Weller would be called to prove his master's sighs, his lost appetite, and the shrinkage of the portly figure we know so well. I suppose that, as women move along the path that leads to complete independence, man will often rise up and charge her with breach of promise. And when in his collective aspect he has recovered some part of the money he has paid in times past, I am hopeful that actions

for breach of promise will cease and determine. It needed no more than the reversal of the old formula to expose to all thinking people their utterly objectionable nature.

When I read the recent speech by Mr. Balfour, in which he declared that these islands are invulnerable, and that Russia is not to run any railways into Afghanistan, I was quite delighted. I decided that it would be quite safe, under the circumstances, for me to add a conservatory to a little place I rent on the coast, and that a trip to India would not be accompanied by any undue risk. In fact, with India safe and the British Islands invulnerable, one seemed to be approaching the Millennium at lightning or motor-car speed. Since the speech was published, however, the wiseacres have been discounting it. If our ships were not available, we might still be invaded, and if Russia treats Mr. Balfour with no more consideration than the members of the Opposition practise, we shall be driven to a war to which we cannot look forward with any degree of confidence, because it will require soldiers, and we are not well supplied with them. In short, the world stands pretty well where it did before the Prime Minister spoke, and I have been compelled to dismiss my dream of a conservatory and postpone my trip to India. At the same time, if the Government will but take its courage in both hands and give us conscription, my programme may yet be fulfilled. I drop the hint. Let the powers that rule us take it up.

subscribing, as she does, very little more than two millions a year for their support. Now, I have travelled too far and seen too many fine missionaries to complain of the good intentions of the men and women who give their lives to the teaching of a faith that does not belong naturally to the temperament or climate of a people. But when I recall the old adage that charity begins at home, and consider the state of the slums in our great commercial centres and the crying need of social improvements that are impossible at present for lack of the means to bring them about, I can't, for the life of me, consider that the two million pounds a year are being expended to the best possible advantage. It is notorious to all who know the East that Islam makes ten converts to every one made by our own missions, and that the faiths of Buddha and Confucius respond admirably to the needs of the people who follow them. We know, too, that the missionaries were the very innocent and ignorant cause of much of the trouble that threatened to wreck the Chinese Empire.

The Plague Scare. I can't congratulate the people who endeavoured to make a Plague scare out of recent happenings at Leith. Modern life does quite enough to develop "nerves" in the ordinary course of the day's work, without any outside aid. Sooner or later, if Anti-Vaccinationists are to survive the fate that waits upon waifs and strays of the Dogs' Home, and if Faith Healers are to remain within the pale of the Law, we are, of course, bound to get some epidemic or other. The small-pox epidemic in Gloucestershire left the survivors among the unvaccinated as stupid as it found them, and frequent prosecutions leave the withers of the Faith Faddists unwrung, so we have nothing to hope from them. But we may reasonably look to an epidemic to play the part of Nemesis to these deliberately unfit, and the more sensible folk will take proper precautions and keep their nerves under control. Down to the present, the scare-mongers have constituted the worst plague with which Leith has had to deal.



BACK TO THE LAND: MISS MAY, THE LADY FARMER, AT WORK IN THE FIELDS OF MR. EDMUND SMITH'S FARM, ST. MARY CRAY, KENT.

Mr. Balfour and the Millennium.

Our Foreign Missions. I have noted with some interest certain adverse comments in my morning paper upon the work of our foreign missions, and have read with amusement the letter from a correspondent, who declares indignantly that England does next to nothing for foreign missions,



CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLAND ELEVEN IN THE TEST MATCHES:

THE HON. F. S. JACKSON.

Mr. Jackson, the well-known cricketer who has accepted the captaincy of the England Eleven in the Test Matches, is a son of the first Baron Allerton, and learnt his cricket at Locker's Park, Hemel Hempstead, and at Harrow. He played in the Eton-Harrow match for three years running; that is, in 1887, 1888, and 1889.

Photograph by Bowden Bros.



BACK TO THE LAND: MISS MAY RIDING A HORSE ASTRIDE.

Miss May is devoting herself seriously to agricultural pursuits, and to gain the knowledge necessary before she can take up farming for herself is working on Mr. Edmund Smith's farm at St. Mary Cray.

"THE DICTATOR," AT THE COMEDY.



Duffy (Mr. Thomas McGrath). Brooke Travers (Mr. William Collier).

Simpson (Mr. Edward Abeles).



Brooke Travers.

Brooke Travers and his valet, Simpson, believing that they have killed a cabman in New York, escape on the "Boliyar," which is bound for an obscure Central American Republic, and hear with consternation that Duffy, a detective, is also a passenger on the vessel. Colonel John T. Bowie, who is also on board the "Boliyar," having discovered that the Presidency of Porto Banos has undergone its almost weekly change, decides that it will be better for the health of himself and his young wife if they do not land, and, therefore, persuades Brooke Travers to take his place at the American Consulate. The President of the Republic promptly puts the Consul under guard, but Travers, recognising the power of the Almighty Dollar, buys up the sentries, turns them into a Guard of Honour, and then wins their pay from them by teaching them to play cards.



Simpson

Charley Hyne (Mr. John Barrymore).

Brooke Travers.

Juanita Arguilla (Miss Louise Allen).

Duffy.

Rev. A. Bostick (Mr. H. J. West).

Travers does not find his position a sinecure. Juanita Arguilla and her stiletto play a part far too important for his liking, and he has to combat, in addition, the attentions of the President, the Reverend Arthur Bostick (who is engaged to Lucy Sheridan, with whom Travers is in love), and the detective, Duffy. At his wits' end to know what to do, he himself organises a Revolution, and becomes "Dictator" of Porto Banos.



Brooke Travers.

Simpson.

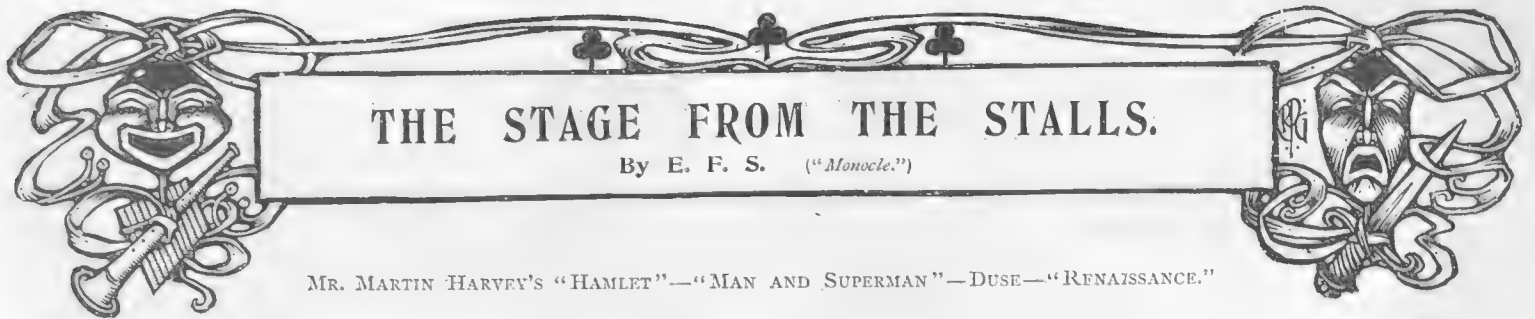


Brooke Travers.

Juanita Arguilla.

His valet, Simpson, also, does not like his new situation, and finds considerable difficulty in keeping up his position as the supposed friend of the "Dictator." Brooke Travers, however, teaches him how to salute his superior, and also how to give him any answers he may want by telegram by means of a switch connecting his bedroom with the Marconi wireless-instrument in the office of the Consulate. In the end, all turns out well, and even Juanita is satisfied, while a force of American bluejackets arrives just in time to assure the recognition of Travers's Revolution and his Presidency.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S "HAMLET"—"MAN AND SUPERMAN"—DUSE—"RENAISSANCE."

IT is very kind of players to grant interviews and explain in advance the ideas which they propose to exhibit in the performance of a part—the pity is that, whilst this is amusing to the critic, it is rather prejudicial to the actor, who, if he fail to carry out his ideas, seems a trifle ridiculous. The latest instance is

Mr. Stephen Phillips, who announced a new and improved method of treating the Ghost in "Hamlet": he hoped "so far to humanise the Ghost as to make him seem to forget that he is a ghost at all." This is all very pretty, though there is no justification for it in the speeches of the ghost, a very bloodthirsty, revengeful, rather fatuous shade, who, save that he calls his son a "noble youth," indicates no interest in him except as an instrument of vengeance. Moreover, in his effort to humanise this inhuman "spook," Mr. Phillips merely makes him tediously slow in speech, so that we are rather grateful for the bold innovation—utterly illogical—"of keeping true-penny" off the stage during the closet-scene. For the rest, one has an interesting production at the Lyric, and though Mr. Martin Harvey is a little too violent for my taste as the Prince, much of his work is very clever, impressive, and interesting. Miss de Silva acts the Ophelia with an agreeable reticence, and, with a true sense

Duse has returned, to the joy of the faithful, and is giving plenty of changes of bill, with inconvenient consequences to the very busy critics. She seems in first-class form, and never, to my knowledge, has played Paula better than on her opening night. The handsome, fashionable creature of the first Act seemed hardly like the stern Duse of old; she has yielded to the conventions of the stage, and, as a lady remarked when the actress appeared with auburn hair, red lips, pink cheeks, and blackened eyes, she is "making up" for lost time. A sound Company is at her command, which includes the excellent actor, Signor Rosaspina. The night of her reappearance saw also the production by the Mermaid Society of W. S. Gilbert's play, "The Palace of Truth," immensely popular a little time before the days of the present generation of playgoers, and still able to cause a good deal of hearty laughter.

"Renaissance," at the Shaftesbury, is an instance of admirable ambition poorly rewarded. To give even a faint idea of the wonderful time when art, literature, and religion were bursting through the kind of mortmain of mediævalism would be a splendid accomplishment for the playwright, and prove the existence of great dramatic power. In "Renaissance" the thing chiefly lacking was dramatic power: a pleasant kind of story with a sort of moral is presented—at considerable length—with perfect propriety and imperfect poetry. The ear is tickled, amused, and, finally, distressed by the jingle of rhymes in easy, slowly ambling verse; but the audience is little moved, despite a peculiarly earnest, conscientious performance. One keeps expecting some development merely to find that we are to see the quickening in a youth of an instinct for art, the sudden outburst in him of the idea of love, and, finally, his determination, when his mother re-marries, to leave home and strive to become a painter. Side by side is the matronly love-affair of his mother with an artist, which, in defiance of stage and book tradition, runs smoothly. Where is the spirit of the Renaissance in this? Everyone must wish well to the production, yet wonder why the play was chosen. The fact that the chief character is a lad, to be played by a woman actress, alone seems a sufficient impediment. Obviously, Nature did not intend Miss Tita Brand to use her valuable gifts on a boy's part. Despite her charm and ability, no manager would choose her for the task, and all her energy and sprightliness and swift change of aspect failed to give the illusion. Miss Marie Brema acted the amorous matron with sweetness and dignity. Mr. Barnes was quite admirable as an elderly priest, the one human figure of the play. Mr. Percy Waram was somewhat amusing as a very conventional pedant. Mr. Hubert Carter's rich voice was telling in the part of the painter, and he acted without sense of effort, but seemed a little puzzled by his task.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS SHAKESPEARE IN "SHAKESPEARE V. SHAW," GIVEN AT THE HAYMARKET ON THE OCCASION OF THE CONWAY BENEFIT.

Photograph by Bassano.

of art, avoids the sensational mad business which has pained many playgoers. Mr. Charles Glenney is an unusually human kind of Claudius, Miss Maud Milton is one of the best of Queens—in "Hamlet," and Mr. Lander an effective Laertes.

"G. B. S." has scored again, and won unwilling praise by the critics for "Man and Superman," which, despite the prodigious theories indicated by it, proves to be a very entertaining, clever, light comedy, founded on character, not intrigue. At times it may have been a little bewildering to those who had not read the book from which the play has been extracted; but they were amused, despite this, by the battle of the sexes, which ends in the triumph of Anne Whitefield over John Tanner, who, after a struggle against her, is forced by her charms and persistence to abandon his cherished liberty and become the husband of the woman he half loves and wholly fears. 'Enry Straker, the chauffeur, is one of the most amusing new characters put on the stage for a long time, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn caused roars of laughter in it. Moreover, there is a novel kind of stage mamma presented cleverly with comic effect by Miss Haydon. The heroine, the handsome, young husband-hunter, would seem rather an old friend but for the freshness of the treatment. Miss Lillah McCarthy handles the part superbly. Mr. Lewis Casson presented a young, amorous poet with much quiet humour, and Miss Sarah Brooke was really amusing as a little vixen.



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS SHAKESPEARE IN "SHAKESPEARE V. SHAW," GIVEN AT THE HAYMARKET ON THE OCCASION OF THE CONWAY BENEFIT.

Photograph by Bassano.



MR. EDMUND MAURICE AS GEORGE BERNARD SHAW IN "SHAKESPEARE V. SHAW," GIVEN AT THE HAYMARKET ON THE OCCASION OF THE CONWAY BENEFIT.

Photograph by Bassano.



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AN ACADEMY PICTURE BY A "SKETCH" ARTIST: MRS. LIONEL MONCKTON (MISS GERTIE MILLAR),
WHO IS PLAYING ROSALIE IN "THE SPRING-CHICKEN."

From the Painting by Albert H. Collings, now on Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.



THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE IN JUNE": MR. KEBLE HOWARD.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

FROM his native forest of Arden Mr. Keble Howard draws perennial inspiration, and his fresh, sylvan muse has been as true to him in his new book, "Love in June" (Chapman and Hall), as she was when she taught him to tune his oaten pipe to the tale of the "God in the Garden." Once more he transports us to a spot within hail of Bardstown (there is only one rightly so disguised), and with the appearance of Jack Cassell, the holiday-making artist from Chelsea, at Little Lapworth, that village begins to buzz with romance, which centres at the inn symbolically styled "The Hair of the Dog." Cassell, an exceedingly healthy and heart-whole person, untouched by the decadent in art or life, lost no time in falling in love with

Margery Moore, adopted daughter to the ancient and honourable Cantlows, mine host and hostess of "The 'Air." But Miss Moore owed everything to the Cantlows' son Jim, an elderly miller, who had long ago been in love with her mother, and who was believed now to have thoughts of the daughter. Hence the binding of Mr. Keble Howard's knot. Cassell catches an idea for a picture from a glade at Little Lapworth, and desiring a figure (to make his canvas unromantically saleable), can, of course, imagine no other sitter than Margery, to satisfy his own romantic mood. But the conventions of Little Lapworth demand that the unusual matter be weightily deliberated. The elder Cantlows of the inn consent readily enough, but suggest that their son Jim, the miller, be consulted, as he holds a sort of vested interest in the damsel. The situation calls for comedy, and Mr. Howard responds *con amore*. The miller will

consent if he too is in the picture. Mr. Cassell, after a qualm or two, agrees, and the first sitting is arranged. Then the ingenious painter, pleased to remember that all's fair in two great issues of life and death, announces that the picture is to be called "The Lovers' Quarrel," and retires Mr. James Cantlow, who attends in his Sunday clothes, a bowler-hat, and green tie with red horseshoes, to a stile in the middle-distance. Neither of his models quite relishes the arrangement, and the first sitting ends abruptly with the girl



AND SO THE INNKEEPER GUESSED.

By courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.



THEN SHE APPEARED, STANDING WITH HER HEAD THROWN BACK, LOOKING UP INTO THE NIGHT.

By courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

asking the miller to take her back to the mill for tea. For three weeks, miller and painter contend quietly for Margery; then Cassell speaks, and Margery, confessing love, sets it aside out of obligation to her elderly swain. Old Mr. Cantlow and his wife, an ideal Darby and Joan, watch the affair, and understand as two such sentimentalists would, but it takes tragedy to clear the tangle. The old lady has a fatal seizure of the heart, and before she departs shows her son James his duty, which, like Captain Reece, he does handsomely. Journeying to London to bring Cassell back, Jim o' the Mill finds him engaged with a model, whose talk and cigarettes almost convince him that Margery's lover is worthless. But Cassell and the lady, with considerable *savoir faire*, convince the simple fellow that it's only a way they have in the army of artists, and so Mr. James takes up the rôle of benevolent father. It is rather, however, in his subsidiary touches than in his main theme that Mr. Howard finds his account. His minor rustics and the rivalry of an ostler and a postman for a kitchen-maid at the mill make very good play indeed. For characterisation, the old innkeeper stands clearest of all, with his ten o'clock warning, "Gentlemen, His Majesty the King bids you good-night," for this artist in hospitality loathed the commonplace "Time, gentlemen, if you please." The book, "tasting," as it does, "of Flora and the country green," is sure of a holiday success. There is only one cynic in the work, the river Minx, which plays Chorus, but even its occasional maliciousness is tempered with the author's kindly outlook on the world.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, THE POET, AS THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER.



THE AUTHOR OF "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA," "HEROD," AND "ULYSSES," IN "HAMLET," AT THE LYRIC.

The fact that Mr. Stephen Phillips is appearing as the Ghost—a part he played when he was a member of Mr. F. R. Benson's Company some years ago—in Mr. Martin Harvey's production of "Hamlet" does not imply that he is intending to return to the stage after his engagement at the Lyric, although he has received a number of requests to do so.

At the moment he is hard at work on "Nero," which Mr. Tree hopes to produce in September.

From a Drawing, made at a special sitting, by F. Ernest Jackson.

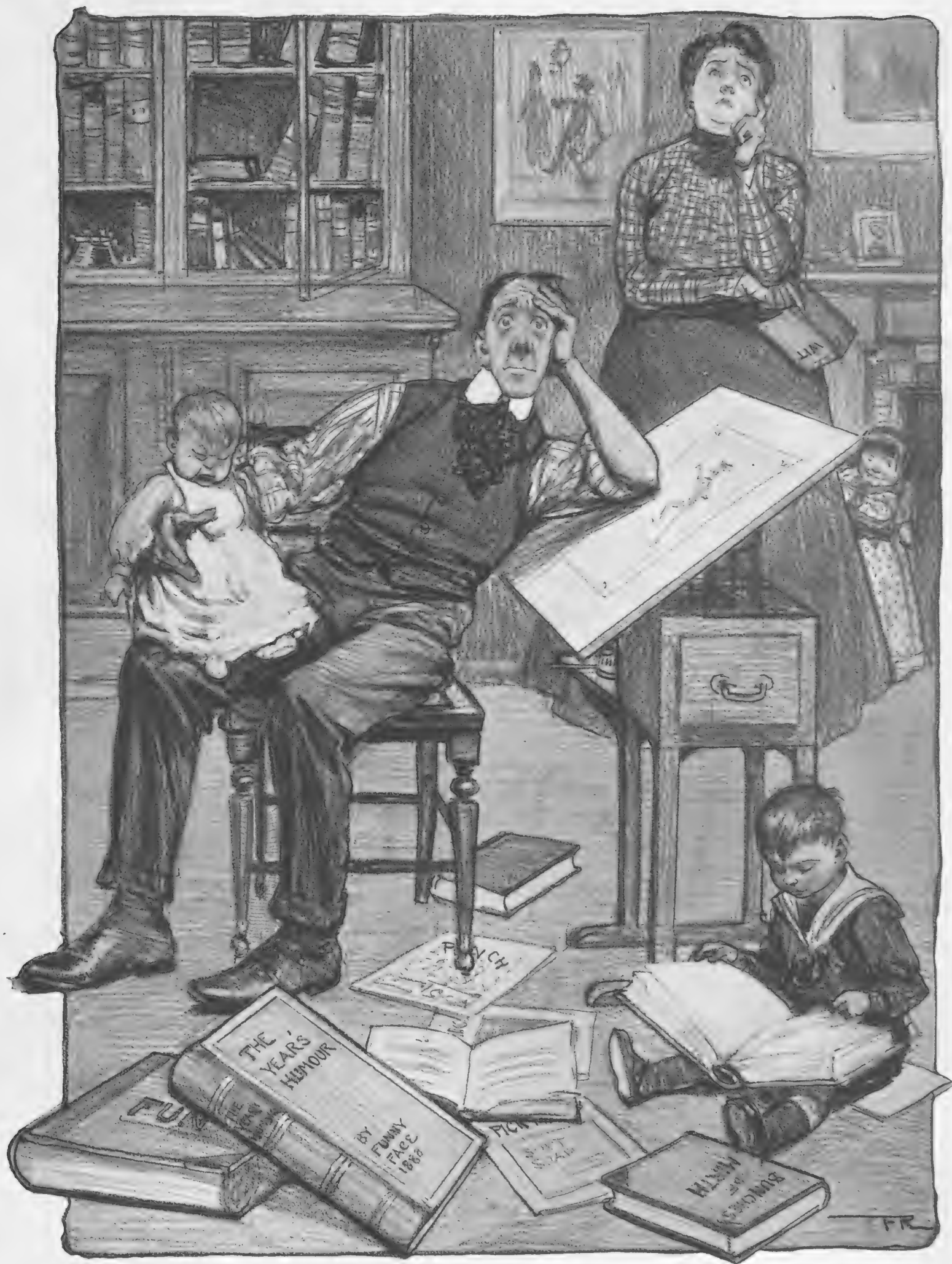
ON THE STARBOARD TACK.



THE ANCIENT MARINER (*to the captain*): Port yer 'elm, yer lubber, port yer 'elm. Can't yer see you'll run me down in 'arf a minute!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



X.—THE JOKE-MAKER

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AMONG the many chroniclers of Parliament, Mr. H. W. Lucy still enjoys an undisputed primacy. He has not grown weary of the din and squalor of politics. His unflinching sense of humour has kept him alive amid surroundings which to most become, after a period, sufficiently depressing. Mr. Lucy is at his best in the new book, "Later Peeps at Parliament; illustrated by F. C. Gould," which has just been published by Messrs. George Newnes. Men of all schools can read him with pleasure, for, though he has his own opinions, he is by no means a partisan. He is quite exceptional in his personal knowledge of great Parliamentarians on both sides, and he has a happy power of passing criticisms which leave no sting. The future historian of this period must make much reference to Mr. Lucy, and he will find none of his material more agreeable or more instructive.

Perhaps Mr. Lucy is at his best when he devotes an article to a single subject; and the King showed excellent good sense when he picked out his papers in the *Observer* as of special merit. Mr. Lucy, however, in his books prefers to use short paragraphs, and thus falls in with the taste of the day. Some of his stories may be quoted. During the First Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, a Rear-Admiral attached to the British Fleet watching the General's operations died at sea. With his last breath he expressed the wish that his body might be sent home for burial. It seemed as if it was impossible to obey the injunction, till the happy thought occurred to someone that if the body were enclosed in a vessel containing spirits it might be safely transported. The late Admiral was, accordingly, nailed up in a hogshead of rum, which was transhipped to a frigate going home with despatches. On the arrival of the ship at Portsmouth, the cask was broached, and, with the exception of the corpse, it was found to be empty. Some of the crew, scenting rum, and knowing of nothing else, brought a gimlet into play, and, subtly inserting straws in the aperture, drank the Admiral dry.

This story suggested to Sir Wilfrid Lawson another tale. Two neighbours in Westmorland were talking over the recent death of a farmer slightly known to both—

"Did he die of drink?" asked one.

"Well," said the other, "I never heard to the contrary."

Stories about Mr. Gladstone are without end. He shared some strong convictions with Mr. Balfour. They agreed about Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Balfour spoke disrespectfully of Carlyle's monumental work on Cromwell. In this Mr. Gladstone was at one with him. "Carlyle's 'Cromwell,'" said the old man eloquent, "is a piece of pure fetishism."

Mr. Lucy is not sure that Parliament is the best place for men of letters. He says it is not necessary to go back to the case of Bulwer-Lytton, or the more painful one of John Stuart Mill, to support the assertion that there is something in the atmosphere uncongenial to the ascendancy of the literary man. I am not sure that it is fair to use Bulwer-Lytton's name in this connection. Bulwer-Lytton was a considerable success in the House of Commons, and nothing prevented him from the highest success save his extreme deafness—a barrier it was, of course, impossible to overcome. Mr. Lucy is of the opinion that Mr. John Morley has not reached the place in the House which he deserves. He is of opinion that, on the whole, journalists do better in the House than men of letters, although no man can serve two masters, and it is necessary to renounce journalism for a really great success. Journalism and letters give to a Parliamentarian that skill in turning out sentences which is so great a strength to the politician.

Regarded merely as a means of livelihood, the profession of a Minister of the Crown is the most poorly paid open to men of capacity. Mr. Chamberlain during his twenty-four years of Parliamentary life (Mr. Lucy is writing in 1901) has drawn £37,000 in the form of salary, a sum which, had he devoted himself to commercial pursuits, he might have made in twelve months.

What is the scope of the vocabulary of everyday men and women? It is, probably, larger than might be imagined. A story has just been published of two English playwrights who engaged in earnest argument regarding the actual speech of artisans and small tradesmen. One of them had criticised a certain bit of the other's dialogue as "stilted." The argument into which he had plunged had the effect of making him listen to the talk on the tops of omnibuses. He ended by withdrawing his slur entirely. The immediate cause of his apology was the construction "Nor do I believe," used in an off-hand way by some member of the very class whose speech he had accused his brother-dramatist of misrepresenting. He found that expressions conventionally regarded as purely bookish were really used colloquially by all sorts and conditions of men. I do not think I have ever heard the phrase "Nor do I believe" used in conversation; I have been waiting for years to find anyone making use of the word "alas." The capacities of the poor in the way of literary expression are, however, best tested by their letters, which are, in many cases, wonderfully good. Carlyle's mother knew how to write a letter, and there were, no doubt, many of her peasant contemporaries who could write as well as she could.

O. O.



GREAT THOUGHTS—AND THEIR THINKERS. IV.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

"WE-KNOW NOT WHAT WE MAY BE."



THE INVENTOR OF THE NEW GAME: Oh, Mummy, such fun! We're playing at having breakfast... Reggie's daddy, and I'm you, and baby's a haddock waiting to be cooked.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MYSTERY OF ERIC ALSTON.

By H. ORD-MERCER.

AT an early age a restless, impulsive youth, somewhat handicapped by an habitual shyness and melancholy, Alston had fought his way Londonward with the avowed intention of devoting himself to art. His restive genius refusing to accomplish creditably the highly stippled specimen-drawings required of each aspirant for admission to the Royal Academy Schools, he studied at the Slade, where his perturbed Professors alternated between amazement at the flashes of inspiration displayed by the callow youth, and despair at the hopelessness of expecting him to conform to recognised rules.

Twelve years later, sitting alone in his studio, surveying the accumulated work of these, the best years of his life, he was forced to admit that he had made but little progress towards the goal of success.

All through the bright spring day he had worked unceasingly, conscious the while that his labour would but add another item to the unsought contents of the already full portfolios. When the light failed, he set the kettle over the gas, and, lounging back in the dilapidated arm-chair, let his thoughts run wantonly into the future.

"Death the Devastator," a big, allegorical painting whose favourable reception at the Salon had been followed by rejection at the Academy, stared him in the face. The medal awarded him at Paris for his "Dawn of Love" lay before him, and, looking at the tribute accorded him by aliens, Alston found himself reviewing the careers of his fellow-students at the Slade.

Blackwell, whose pretty-pretty method had been Alston's detestation, was already an "A.R.A.," and making a little fortune from what Alston dubbed "namby-pamby" pictures.

Dunn's war-subjects, composed mainly of blood and gunpowder, had a show to themselves in Pall Mall, where the engravings were selling like hot cakes.

De Muth had married and set up a tandem on his clever caricatures.

O'Donnell was a sculptor of assured position, and Trenton, who had been a lazy student, wisely recognising that it is infinitely easier to pick holes in good work than to do it, had plunged boldly into the arena of art-criticism, where, by sheer effrontery, he had succeeded in gaining a hearing.

Yet he, the only one of the group who had adhered to his ideals, was the only one who had difficulty in earning his living.

There is a limit to the endurance even of the strongest. Sitting with the dusk closing in round him, Alston's stout heart quailed before the hopelessness of struggling against an adverse fate.

Roused from his painful reverie by a smart rat-tat, he opened the studio-door to Trenton the irresponsible.

"Hullo! Kettle boiling? That's all right. I'm gasping for a cup of tea," Trenton cried, throwing a packet of sandwiches on the table. Then, pulling off his coat, he proceeded with the air of one accustomed to hunt in the cupboard for tea-things.

"Say, old man, the cups are all dirty. Suppose you take yours out of a tumbler? The basin will do for me.

"I've just come from Woodcock's Private View," he added, as he spooned the tea out of a tobacco-jar.

"Good show?"

"Rotten; but deuced saleable stuff. Nice little cottages in nice little gardens; nice little children, in nice clean pinafores, going to school; you know the sort. Looked up at your show, too."

"I needn't ask if anybody was there, or if anything was doing."

"One old woman, two boys. No, I can't say business was exactly brisk," Trenton acknowledged.

"Blackwell says he made four thousand last year. My work is miles ahead of his, and I didn't make enough to pay my frame-maker," Alston cried, his pent-up bitterness at length finding vent. "I don't know where to lay my hand on a shilling just now, and all the time the thought galls me that what I've done would be worth a fortune if I were only dead."

A flash of inspiration smote Trenton.

"Then why not be dead?" he said, quickly.

A note in his voice, foreign to his usual badinage, arrested Alston's attention.

"What do you mean?" he asked, sharply.

"Be dead—vanish—efface yourself and scoop in the proceeds. It's only fair a man should reap what he's sown. Then disappear to some summer clime, laughing at the innocents who have at last awakened to the value of your work," answered Trenton.

For a long time Alston sat silent.

"There's many a true word spoken in jest," Trenton, he said, at length. "I don't see why I should have worked for twelve years only to benefit others. Things can't go on as they are. I'll take your advice—I'll die."

The scheme was one after the audacious Trenton's heart. The

tea cooled while he suggested half-a-dozen plans, each more outrageous and impossible than the other. The most feasible of his ideas was that Alston should be drowned whilst bathing at Brighton, leaving his garments on the beach as evidence of his demise; but even this Alston combated, on the ground that April could hardly be accounted a bathing season, and that, before he could procure other vesture, he would probably have contracted a chill that would qualify him to be dead in very truth.

The entrance of their mutual friend, O'Donnell, the sculptor, whose studio was in the outer courtyard of the Rembrandt Studios, brought them a reliable and astute counsellor.

O'Donnell, his controversy against the impiety of such a proceeding confuted by Alston's argument that it was better to be dishonestly dead and live affluently than to be righteously alive and die of starvation, entered whole-heartedly into the plot.

"In the first place, there must be an actual funeral; so there must be a body, and where are we to get one? That's the question," said he.

"Murder one of the fossil Academicians. He'll never be missed, or if he is, I'll pledge my honour nobody will bother to make inquiries," suggested the frivolous Trenton; but the others were too much in earnest to heed his gibe.

"I have it!" exclaimed O'Donnell. "Every week there are unclaimed bodies, mostly drowned ones, lying at the mortuaries. Suppose you disappear. After a day or two we'll raise a hue and cry and apply to the police. Then we'll identify a likely body and bury it as you, and the thing's done."

His scheme accepted, the wary O'Donnell would have urged delay for its further consideration; but Alston's twelve years of waiting had worn his patience threadbare.

"We'll hang it on the last post—it's due in ten minutes," he temporised, at last. "If it brings any encouragement, I live; if it doesn't, I die, and the sooner the better."

Sitting in the half-circle of radiance thrown by the centre light, they heard the steps of the postman echoing down the stone-flagged corridor like the approach of some inexorable fate. The sound of sundry documents falling into the letter-box and the echo of the staccato rat-tat accelerated their heart-beats. For a moment the trio sat motionless; even the flippant Trenton was subdued. Then Alston arose, and, striding to the door, collected the significant missives.

There were three—a circular from an artist's colourman; a polite reminder that his frame-maker's bill for fifty-odd pounds awaited payment; and a curt warning that, unless four pounds five was forthcoming within three days, the gas would be cut off.

"That settles it," said Alston, throwing the mail on the table with a mirthless laugh. "Let's eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow I die."

The following afternoon—Saturday—Alston, shaggy-maned and bushy-bearded, was seen to leave Rembrandt Studios. That same evening, Mr. John Weston, a short-haired, clean-shaven man, with spectacles, installed himself in cheap lodgings near Euston Station.

Two days later, O'Donnell, after much futile hammering at Alston's closed door, went round the studios, inquiring if anybody knew what had become of his friend. On Tuesday morning, Trenton appeared on the scene, demanding an explanation why Alston had broken an engagement to dine with him on the previous night. On both of which points, Alston's neighbours, owning as slender a knowledge of his movements as London neighbours usually do, failed to enlighten his friends, though Miss Helen Kinahan—the Irish girl-artist, whose studio was the only other occupied one in Alston's corridor—remembered having heard him go out on Saturday afternoon, and was sure he had not since returned.

The news that the artist was missing spread like wild-fire, and the air grew thick with rumour. At the close of the week, the art-world was more shocked than surprised to learn that a drowned body lying at Southwark mortuary had been identified as that of the missing artist.

Paragraphs were rife.

The intimation of his death figured on three consecutive days in the obituary list of the leading metropolitan journals.

A picturesquely pathetic account of the tragedy of the brilliant but unlucky genius, written by Trenton, appeared in the *South Kensington Gazette*, and was copied in all the provincial papers; and at the funeral, on the Thursday afternoon, O'Donnell and Trenton, who, as his executors, were clad in deepest mourning, rejoiced to see a large crowd of sympathisers.

Meantime, Mr. John Weston, shut up in his Euston lodgings, was chafing against the restraint that girded him.

The day of the burial found him horribly restive. With sardonic

THE REVIVAL OF AN ALMOST EXTINCT ART:

A FRENCH ACTRESS AS PANTOMIMIST.



A PARISIAN RIVAL TO LA GUERRERO.

humour, he mentally pictured the progress to the grave, and, as evening drew on, an insensate craving to visit his last resting-place dominated him.

Yielding to it against his better judgment, he set forth, trusting to a hard felt-hat and a heavy cape to complete the disguise of shaven face and spectacles.

The shadows were deep among the tombs when Alston reached the cemetery, but in the west the sunset glow still lingered.

In answer to his inquiries, the keeper indicated a new mound in a remote corner. Wending his way thereto, Alston stopped short in astonishment, for beside the stretch of unsightly mould a woman was kneeling.

Even seen through the haze of the gloaming, something struck him as familiar in the poise of the head, the outline of the figure. As, rising to go, she turned in his direction, Alston, viewing the mourner from behind a tombstone, felt a thrill of pleasure at the discovery that it was Helen Kinahan.

For the moment, forgetful of the fact that he was officially dead, he started forward with the intention of addressing her; but, at his unexpected appearance, the girl, after one nervous glance in his direction, hurried off affrighted, and Alston, arrested by a sudden consciousness of his position, shrank behind a monument.

His place of sepulture, when he viewed it, presented all the usual ghostliness of a newly made grave. But, as he looked, a spasm of softened feelings throbbed through his heart and brought a quiver to his lips, for he saw that on the freshly turned earth, just over where the sleeper's heart might be, someone had laid a cluster of tear-bedewed violets.

Meantime, matters had been progressing favourably.

Trenton and O'Donnell, stealing out after dark to visit Alston, reported the advance of the boom. Hillier, of the World's Art Society, had made an offer for all Alston's prints in the Haymarket Gallery. That offer, though a low one, the conspirators decided to accept, knowing that, with sixty prints on hand for which he had paid cash, Hillier might be trusted to advertise the artist for all he was worth.

Trenton's versatile pen had been busy. Under his well-known *nom-de-guerre* of "Pallas," he had written a glowing eulogium on Alston—of whom he spoke as a genius sacrificed upon the altar of British Philistinism—in the paper with the largest circulation in the world. And, fully alive to the fact that nothing helps a cause like antagonism, he had published, as "Maelström," a foolishly vituperative criticism of Alston's work in a widely read evening-paper.

The British public, though it enjoys witnessing a living man badgered beyond endurance, revolts at the idea of slanging the dead, and "Pallas's" trenchant reply to "Maelström" called forth a storm of applause.

The tide of success had set in at last. But Alston, shut up in his dingy lodgings, with a decidedly uncomfortable feeling about him, got little pleasure from the anticipation of his changed finances; for all the manhood in him revolted against this enforced idleness, and he sat brooding bitterly.

O'Donnell, coming in the next night, understood, and fell in at once with his longings.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "you can hide in your own studio every bit as well as here. I'll send you a wire that will give you an excuse for leaving here at once; then I'll run down to the studios and be ready to open the door for you."

Before the lapse of an hour, Alston, in his character of Weston, was showing his landlady a telegram calling him to the sick-bed of his brother, resident in Birmingham. It relieved him considerably to note that, when the good lady professed to read the message, she held it upside down; otherwise she might have had doubts as to how a telegram, purporting to come from Birmingham, could have been handed in at a Euston post-office half-an-hour previously.

Entering the cold corridor of the studios, he almost forgot the fact of his non-existence in the sense of home that pervaded the place. Passing Helen Kinahan's door, he wondered if she were still trying to supplement the scant earnings of her brush by drawing impossible fashion-plates.

"Zounds, man!" O'Donnell whispered, fiercely. "What do you mean by tramping in here as if the place belonged to you, when you are supposed to be under the turf?"

There is no incentive to action like enforced idleness. Throwing off his coat, Alston started to work at once, and ten o'clock found him still at it, when O'Donnell suggested cessation for the night.

"Stop? Not I. I'm in a fever of work. I'm good to go on till morning," replied Alston.

"Then I'd better warn that girl next-door that I'll be moving about most of the night. I can sleep in your room," O'Donnell whispered, as he put the whisky and the sandwiches on the table.

These preparations for a hasty supper complete, he tapped at Miss Kinahan's door.

She opened it to him, pale and trembling, her eyes eloquent with fear.

"I came to warn you not to be alarmed if you hear any noise in the studios at nights. We are going to have a one-man show of poor Alston's pictures soon, and Trenton and I are looking over his stuff; so we'll need to be working night and day—probably sleeping here."

"I'm glad you told me, Mr. O'Donnell, for, in truth, I was feeling a little bit nervous." Miss Kinahan tried to speak lightly.

"Just after dusk, I fancied I heard Mr. Alston walk along the passage and go into the studio. Of course, it must have been imagination, but I know his step so well that, just for a moment, I thought it was really he; though, of course, that's impossible."

The tears that had arisen at the mention of her friend trembled on her eyelashes as she turned quickly away.

"You'll need to be careful, Alston, old chap," admonished O'Donnell. "That girl next-door knew your footsteps to-night as you came in, and thought you were your own ghost! So we'll have to be wary. It won't do to have the Psychical Society begin to investigate the case, you know."

Knew his footsteps!

Lying down on the couch at dawn, too wakeful to sleep, Alston found his thoughts running again and again to the lonely Irish girl to whom the echo of his footsteps had come to be a thing apart, in whose colourless life their cessation had caused a blank.

The eternal feminine had held no part in Alston's existence. Woman's influence on an artist's career he had always asserted to be disastrous. Lying there, with the grey dawn stealing through the blinds, he recalled instances to himself.

No. He was distinctly not a woman's man; he had never felt tempted to share his struggles with anyone. It struck him as odd that, now that his death rendered it impossible for him to think tenderly of the sex, he should for the first time feel attracted towards it. He wondered whether, had he owned a loyal woman comforter, his life would have proved as barren of joy as it had done. Helen Kinahan, he recalled, had knelt beside his grave. Would a good wife's prayers have made his trials more easy of endurance?

"Poor Helen! Poor, little, lonely girl!" he said, and, as he fell to sleep, his last conscious desire was for an opportunity of thanking her for the bunch of violets.

The desired opportunity came all unexpectedly. The close of a week's incessant work saw his series of etchings completed. A rumour of the existence of a set of drawings of unparalleled originality having, through the astuteness of Trenton, reached the great Hillier's ears, that potentate had claimed the first offer of their reproduction, and O'Donnell, bearing the first impressions, had gone to interview him.

Anxiously awaiting the result, Alston, exhausted with labour, had fallen into a fitful doze, in whose troubled dreams the great picture-dealer alternately treated his emissary with extravagant effusion and with crushing contempt.

Half-roused by a knock at the door, and wholly forgetful of the restrictions of his position in his anxiety to hear O'Donnell's report, Alston sprang up and opened the door to Helen Kinahan.

But it was a sadly changed Helen who stood before him, clutching the lintel for support, under the shock of being confronted by one bearing a startling resemblance to and wearing the dilapidated blouse of her dead hero. Alston's screening glasses had been forgotten, and, to disguise recognition from her, who held so vivid a memory of his features, was impossible without their aid.

On his part, Alston's concern for her eclipsed all else; he found it hard to credit that the lapse of so few weeks could have wrought so great a difference in her aspect. Clad in the cheap black frock that he guessed was worn for his sake, Helen's figure looked slender to attenuation. The bloom had paled on her cheeks, purple shadows surrounded the truthful eyes.

For a moment the two stood transfixed, staring speechlessly at each other. Then, as the sound of a step in the corridor aroused Alston to the danger of detection, he drew the girl into the studio, and, shutting the door against the world, made full confession of the situation.

Overjoyed at finding him alive, all else counted but little; but as the moments sped, the difficulties of the position loomed before her.

"But what is to be the end?" Helen asked, at last. "If you have voluntarily ceased to exist, what will you do with the rest of your life?"

"I don't know," Alston answered, slowly. "My last state may be worse than my first, unless you are willing to take the gift of a man without even a name or a home to offer you, and we go out into the world and seek our fortunes together."

"Wait; don't say 'no' yet," he urged, as she was about to speak. "I hear O'Donnell coming, and he may bring good news."

"I won't wait," was the answer. "I say 'yes,' now. Yes, and a thousand times yes! Even though you may never earn another penny, I ask no better fate than to share your life!"

"Alston would have been lonely without her," even the cynical Trenton acknowledged, several months later, when a letter written in a flow of spirits such as had been foreign to their comrade for many years reached them from sunny Florida.

"He is a lucky beggar, isn't he? I say! Did you ever see things sell as his did? With the money from the Exhibition, and a thousand pounds for 'Death the Devastator,' and the four hundred pounds Blackwell paid for the etchings, etc., etc., there's enough to give Alston a handsome little annuity. He can rest now from his labours and be happy."

"Alston won't, though. He's not the sort to idle. Believe me," answered O'Donnell, "he will work out for himself an even bigger reputation under his assumed name than he did under the one he discarded."

And O'Donnell's prophecy seems likely to be fulfilled.

THE END.

THE LONDON SEASON.

[FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]



"AFTER THE PARTY AT LADY L.'S, THINGS WERE KEPT GOING UNTIL A LATE HOUR."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE PRODUCTION OF "THE SPRING-CHICKEN" AT THE GAIETY.



MISS OLIVE MAY, WHO IS PLAYING EMMY-LOU.

Photograph by Bassano.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE Irving "Hamlet" at the Adelphi has not repeated in the twentieth century the record of the Irving "Hamlet" at the Lyceum in the nineteenth. The statement, however, is, of course, intended to convey no reflection on the brilliant son of a more brilliant father—to adapt a famous line of Horace to this paragraph—for tribute has been paid everywhere to Mr. H. B. Irving's skill and the individuality of his interpretation of the part. Mr. Otho Stuart will withdraw the play on Saturday, and on Monday will produce "Under which King," a new romantic drama by Mr. James B. Fagan, who will thus have had two plays produced at leading West-End theatres in just over a week.

Miss Haidée Wright is the latest actress whose work has been presented on the stage. Last week, Miss Constance Collier produced at the Coronet a duologue, "Companions of the Road," by the popular young actress, as an after-piece to the Rev. Forbes Phillips's "Lord Danby's Love Affair." Miss Collier herself acted the part of the girl who unexpectedly meets the artist-father who deserted her mother eighteen years before, when she herself was an infant in arms. Made up sunburnt, to suggest the result of life in the open air, working in the fields and hop-gardens to earn an honest living, Miss Collier presented a strikingly handsome picture, and revealed a talent for comedy which, if not unsuspected, is a phase of her art which circumstances do not often enable her to show.

To our other French visitors the distinguished name of Coquelin *aîné* may now be added, for the greatest actor on the French stage will give six performances in four days, beginning on June 7, at the Shaftesbury. M. Coquelin will be supported by his brother, M. Coquelin *cadet*, and his son, M. Jean Coquelin, as well as by Mlle. Marguerite Moréno, of the Comédie-Française, Mlle. Louise Sylvie, of the Théâtre de l'Odéon, and a powerful Company from the Théâtre de la Gaité. He will open with "L'Abbé Constantin," which will also be played on the next evening and at the matinée on Saturday. At Thursday's matinée M. Rostand's comedy, "Les Romanesques," will be given, followed by "Les Précieuses Ridicules," one of the most brilliant of all M. Coquelin's brilliant performances; while on Friday and Saturday he will act in "Notre Jeunesse," the play being followed by some of the monologues for which the names of the two Coquelins are famous.

For "The Man of the Moment," which has been selected as the title of the adaptation of "L'Adversaire," which Mr. George Alexander will produce at the St. James's, if arrangements hold good, on June 13, the regular Company of his theatre will be strengthened by the addition of Mr. George Giddens, Mr. Julian L'Estrange—by permission of Mr. Beerbohm Tree—and Miss Granville, as well as, it need hardly be said, by Madame Le Bargy, for the association of the French actress with Mr. Alexander in this play has been so frequently referred to that it is no longer a matter of theatrical news.

The amateurs to the rescue! That may well be adopted as the battle-cry of "The Pioneers," as the newest society for producing original plays calls itself. Associated with the scheme are several well-known people, for Mr. Arthur Bouchier is the chairman, and among the members of the Council are Mrs. Craigie, Lady Strachey, Miss Margaret Halstan, and Mr. H. B. Irving. Mr. Herbert Swears is the director of the enterprise, which, instead of bewailing the decadence of the British Drama, in accordance with the prevailing custom, intends to bestir itself to discover promising dramatists and to place their works immediately before the public without waiting and without any expense on their part. With two hundred members paying an annual subscription of a guinea, they will produce three new plays every year, and as many more as an increased membership and, therefore, an increased revenue permit. Instead of relying on professional help, the Pioneers will make use of the large amount of amateur talent which exists and recruits the professional stage. The amateurs will, in fact, be enrolled into what will be, to all intents and purposes,

a Stock Company, but instead of playing pieces which have been better acted by professionals, they will devote themselves to new work under competent stage-management. Mr. Swears believes they will render a good account of themselves, for only those of great experience and proved ability will be invited to act, and, as they will take enthusiasm to the work, and be impelled with the desire to excel, they will, it is hoped, do even better than actors engaged to try a play in a "scratch" performance.

In anticipation of a good deal of hard work between now and the autumn, Mr. Frank Curzon is taking a holiday, for he will have to produce "The White Chrysanthemum" on Sept. 2, and possibly before that he will be doing a musical comedy at the Strand.



AN OLD SAVOYARD WHO HAS JOINED MR. GEORGE EDWARDES:
MR. HENRY A. LYTTON.

It would seem that all the old Savoyards are to join Mr. George Edwardes one by one. The latest to do so is that popular baritone, Mr. Henry A. Lytton, who has "signed on" for a period of three years from the 23rd of September. It is thought probable that Mr. Lytton may be seen before this engagement commences in Mr. Frank Curzon's production of "The White Chrysanthemum," due at the Criterion on September 2.

Photograph by the Bartholomew Co.

KEY-NOTES

THE Waldorf Theatre, which was opened to the public for the first time last week, must certainly be described as one of the most beautiful playhouses in London. Of old, the organisers of theatres apparently thought very much more of seating capacity than of beauty. In every respect this idea was contradicted upon the opening night of the latest addition to London's places of entertainment. It had been announced that Mme. Calvé would appear in "Cavalleria Rusticana"; but, in consequence of an indisposition, which was evidently grave, because we all know how eager she was to help Mr. Henry Russell in the opening of his season, the opera was changed to Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." It was an event which must have seemed to the Management something of a misfortune, but, at the same time, the interpretation given to the work was distinctly not without merit. De Lucia was engaged for the part of the Pagliaccio, and although we cannot say honestly that he was the same De Lucia who appeared on the first occasion when the opera was produced in London, under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris, we can, at all events, describe him as extremely passionate, as magnificently histrionic as he was in the old days.

The more recent Italian school, as exemplified in "I Pagliacci," was strangely set beside a performance at the same theatre of "Il Maestro di Capella." Here, indeed, was a most curious and suggestive subject for musical meditation. To it a De Quincey could alone have done justice; his meditation upon the past music that appeals to the present might have made a most interesting essay. But at the present moment De Quincey and his speculations are not in our book. Nothing more brilliantly clear or more intelligible could be imagined than "Il Maestro di Capella." Born out of the Rossini school, and perfectly fluent with melody, every scene, so long as one is in the mood, is joyous, gay, and brilliant. Signor Pini-Corsi, for example, was perfectly delightful in the very humorous part of Barnaba. This is an artist who understands thoroughly that which, save for the music, would be described as pure farce; under the circumstances, he is to be set down as one of the finest operatic comedians now appearing upon any stage. In truth, everything concerned with this performance was capital and delightful. Italy pervaded the work, and the trio sung by the three chief characters of this little opera, a trio which brought back to one's mind the winds, the skies, the olive-trees, and the sea of that wonderful country, was most appealing to the ear and most delightful to the memory.

On the same night as that which witnessed the opening of the Waldorf Theatre, a very fine cast was engaged at Covent Garden

operatic contemporaries. This, in Shakspeare's words, was sometime a paradox, but the times do give it proof. The last Act is one of Melba's greatest triumphs; it is all very well for audiences to admire and to applaud the wonderful vocal gift which belongs to her, and to her alone, in this present generation; but, at the same time, it is even better to notice that she combines at times with that great vocal gift the power of acting. On the same occasion, Miss Parkina sang and acted excellently well as Musetta, and Signor Caruso, who appeared for the first time at Covent Garden this season, sang gloriously in the part of Rodolfo. Scotti was extremely good in the part of Marcello, and the whole work was admirably conducted by Signor Mancinelli.

Mr. Mark Hambourg has done one extraordinary thing in his life; that is, he has more than realised the promise of his youth. Once he was a prodigy; now he is an accomplished artist. He gave a Pianoforte Recital two or three days ago at the Queen's Hall which proved how mature and ripe a player he has now become. Schubert's "Fantasia" in C Major is by no means an easy work to give to the public in order to prove its real excellence; yet Mr. Hambourg accomplished this feat with what seemed so incredible a facility that one would never have guessed that which was obviously the truth, that he had reduced all obscurity into a final simplicity.

Mr. Mark Hambourg had the public spirit to award a prize for the best pianoforte piece submitted to him, which piece he undertook to play on the occasion of the concert which we have just been discussing. The prize was won by Mr. Frank Bridge in a very small work, entitled "Capriccio." There is no denying that the work is clever, and even brilliant; but there is nothing in the way of thoughtfulness to distinguish it, nor was there any real trial for the pianoforte-player to bring it to its most successful issue. What surprised one most was the extreme brevity of the piece; but, as we have no idea as to the number of compositions submitted to Mr. Hambourg, or as to their value, we can scarcely form any opinion as to whether this was the best work which was held forward for decision.

One of the finest performances of "Tannhäuser," so far as a very long experience goes, was given last week at Covent Garden. The present writer has seen a performance of "Tannhäuser," which, to his thinking, could not have been bettered, at Bayreuth; and another performance upon very much the same standard of excellence he has heard at Munich. Yet he is fain to say that this performance at Covent Garden was, at all events, equal to both the interpretations which have just been mentioned. Herr Burrian's Tannhäuser, for example, was most beautifully sung, and was acted with great sincerity of purpose. It often occurs to the critic of musical works that he sees a Tannhäuser who acts superbly, and hears a Tannhäuser who sings superbly. Herr Burrian combined both the singing and the acting qualities which attach to the part of Tannhäuser with very splendid results. Frau Wittich, as Elisabeth, was quite charming, and Frau Reinl, as Venus, was effective. Herr Van Rooy took the part of Wolfram with singular distinction, and Richter, although somewhat inclined to violence, conducted his orchestra with impressive results.

COMMON CHORD.



A CANADIAN SINGER AT THE ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN: MISS PAULINE DONALDSON AS "MANON."

Miss Donaldson, the young Canadian singer who made her début at Covent Garden last week in the part of Micaëla in "Carmen," was born at Montreal. She first studied singing in New York, and, later, was taught in Paris by M. Edmond Duvernoy. She made her first appearance in opera at Nice, when she sang in "Manon." She created the rôle of Nellie in Leoncavallo's "Chatterton," and has now a three years' engagement at Covent Garden and at Brussels.

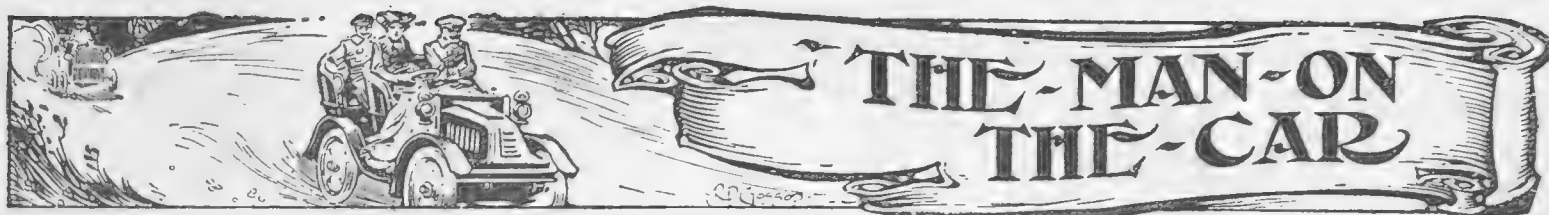
Photograph by Desgranges.



SIGNOR CARUSO CARICATURES HIMSELF AND M. GIORDANO, COMPOSER OF "FEDORA" AND "SIBERIA."

Signor Caruso's sketch shows the celebrated tenor himself on the left, and M. Giordano on the right. Above the caricatures, M. Giordano has written and signed one of the motifs of "Fedora."

to interpret "La Bohème." As the heroine of this opera, Melba has practically made herself unique, and she once more took the part of Mimi, in which she showed how, in certain rôles, she really possesses a sense of acting which runs far in front of many of her



THE QUESTION OF PRACTICE ON THE CIRCUIT D'Auvergne—THE ELIMINATING TRIALS—THE CONDITION OF OUR ROADS—THE LADIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB—CHIEF-CONSTABLES' APPEALS—THE WASHING OF CARS—DUST-TESTS.

BY prohibiting any further practice on the Circuit d'Auvergne, the French authorities have imposed a huge handicap upon all those competitors who have not as yet enjoyed an opportunity of sampling the course. It is admitted on all hands that this course, above all others, requires practice, knowledge, and a great deal of both, and yet men who have never seen a yard of it are to be loosed in strenuous competition against each



THE "GOVERNOR" OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME AND HIS WIFE ON THEIR 30-40 H.-P. DAIMLER: MR. AND MRS. H. E. MOSS.

Mr. H. E. Moss is the Chairman of Moss's Empires, Limited, and Stoll Companies, united under the title of "Moss, Thornton, and Stoll Theatres Amalgamated," with a capital of £2,086,000. He is thus one of the most important figures in the Variety world.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

other at the wheels of one-ton carriages propelled by engines of over a hundred horse-power. That's the proposition, as our friends across the "Big Drink" would say, and, on the face of it, it seems a decidedly one-sided one.

The Eliminating Trials to enable the Committee of the Automobile Club to decide which three of the English-built fliers shall represent England in the Gordon-Bennett event on July 5 took place yesterday, but at the moment of writing I am not aware of the results of the trials. It is to be hoped that the effect of these trials will induce the House of Keys to rescind the absurd speed-limit they were at pains to pass only the other day. In disregarding a speed-limit, the Isle of Man Parliament had an opportunity of showing an example of common-sense to the older assembly at St. Stephen's, but, alas, it was allowed to pass. Had the House of Keys elected to legislate only against those who drive to the public danger, and showed that the roads of their island, at least, were free of ridiculous restrictions against motoring, they would have invited the visits of motorists, who would have arrived in their charming isle just in that portion of the year when it is at its dullest and the Lancashire crowds are yet some months away.

The advent of motor-cars will, at least, have a good influence in impelling attention to the present absurd condition of most of our roads, and the equally absurd methods of maintenance and periods of repair. It is true that the roads are unsuited to motor-traffic; but then, as a matter of fact, they are insufficient and unsuitable for any kind of traffic, save and except in that admirably administered county of Nottingham, where they possess a surveyor of parts and a Council with faith and foresight. When I say that the motor is having a good effect, I would point to the steps taken by the authorities at Cobham Street, Surrey, where the surface of the existing road has been most effectually treated with tar and a light steam-roller twice in the past twelve months.

So successful and enjoyable did the Ladies' Automobile Club's run to Homburg last year prove to all who took part in it that Mr. Gerard Leigh, who was responsible for the inception and organisation of that trip, is busy making arrangements for a Club run on similar lines to that charming little watering-place, Royat, near Clermont-Ferrand, in the Auvergne. Cars will be conveyed across the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne, and two days and a half will be occupied in covering the kilometres that separate Boulogne and the capital of the Auvergnats. The members of

the Club will return to the coast at their leisure through some of the most picturesque parts of France.

When Chief Constables go out of their way to make appeals to motorists to drive slowly and carefully through certain portions of the districts they administer, it is only the inconsiderate and ill-mannered—in fact, the motor-Hooligan, who is doing all the harm nowadays—who would disregard such suggestions. Captain C. Mitchell-Innes, Chief Constable of Lincolnshire, appeals to automobilists to drive with more consideration on the Great North Road, as a considerable number of complaints as to furious driving thereon have been received, particularly in the neighbourhood of Grantham. The Chief Constable asks for greater consideration, "to enable the police to avoid employing harshly repressive and vexatious measures, which are so much to be deprecated in principle, and are repugnant to all concerned." Captain D. Granville, the Chief Constable of Dorset, asks that motorists should exercise special care in negotiating the narrow streets of Sherborne before, during, and after the Sherborne Pageant on 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th prox.

When touring, there is much objection to the sloppy and perfunctory washings to which cars are so frequently subjected by the odd stable-helpers at hotels and country inns. Nevertheless, it goes very much against the grain to sally forth on a bright morning with a car evidencing distinctly the travel-stains of days upon the road. Now this objectionable appearance, with the necessity of daily washings at unskilled and careless hands, can be avoided by a careful selection of body-colour. There is a shade of greeny-grey or fawny-green upon which dust does not show at all, and mud very little. I hear of an Argyll car so painted which, after running for the full period of the Scottish Reliability Trial and a few days previously to boot, looked, upon her return to Glasgow, almost as though she had been hosed every day. On an exhibition stand, the colour would have little or no attraction, but, side by side with the attractive show-car on the road after two or three days' dirty run, the superiority of the tone I refer to would be most marked.

The Surrey County Council has authorised the expenditure of £2,000 on tests of dust-preventing materials, and it was at once suggested that the outlay should be recovered in some form or other from the owners of motor-cars. No reference was made to the large



THE AMERICAN OIL KING, MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, AND HIS WIFE, ENTERING THEIR NEW £2,000 MOTOR-CAR AT LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

Of the numerous families of American millionaires, that of Mr. John D. Rockefeller probably claims the greatest amount of attention, doubtless since it is the richest. Mr. John Rockefeller, the head of the family, is at present chiefly under discussion in connection with the much-argued question as to whether religious organisations can accept money made by the Standard Oil Trust and yet keep their consciences clear. Mr. William Rockefeller, younger brother of Mr. John Rockefeller, has just discovered that all the big trees on his country estate have been decorated with notices threatening him with death.

Photograph by McClure.

sum of money already received by the Surrey County Council as registration-fees and licence fees. What has been done with those moneys? Have they been spent on road improvements, or have they been voted towards the work necessary to be done in vulgarising the whole of the county of Surrey with unnecessary tramways?

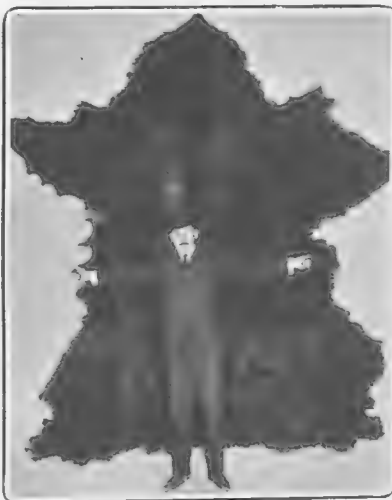
THE WORLD OF SPORT

EPSOM—OPEN MEETINGS—CHALK—THE MANCHESTER CUP—"TIC-TAC."

I THINK Cicero will win the Derby to-day with a bit to spare, as he is a thoroughly good colt, and there is nothing trained in this country that is likely to stop him. Jardy may be as good as he has been painted, but I shall take Cicero to beat the Frenchman round the Epsom gradients, while I should also expect Veda to finish in front of Jardy were I certain the former could stay the easy course. Llångibby has come on by leaps and bounds since his ungenerous display in the race for the Guineas, and he is very likely to be placed. For the Oaks, now that Muskerry has cut up so badly and has been struck out, I can see nothing that is likely to beat Cherry Lass, provided always the latter arrives at the post fit and well; but fillies are best left alone at Epsom until the numbers have gone up. The Coronation Cup will, I think, provoke quite as much interest as the classics, as the horses engaged are well-known public favourites. Zinfandel is much fancied by the followers of Captain Beatty's stable, and he is a very good horse, but I shall take Pretty Polly to beat him and Caius. Beyond the three named there is nothing in the race worth considering.

Epsom week is one of the few remaining free and open meetings. Yet I question if the takings at Ascot and Goodwood come anywhere near to those at Epsom. When one considers the ring and paddock fees, Club subscriptions, rent for boxes, for coach and carriage pitches, and for pitches for bookmakers on the other side of the course, the sum collected for toll during a summer meeting at Epsom must be stupendous. True, the Grand Stand Association does not make any profit from Barnard's and Longland's rings, but it does draw a big revenue from the refreshment-booths; and, further, it supplies refreshments to the dwellers in the Grand Stand, from which a big profit is made, seeing that five shillings is charged for luncheon on the Grand Stand, which is a bit stiff. Hundreds of dozens of champagne are consumed in a favourite's year, while if outsiders roll home with persistent frequency the wine is not in strong demand. Making a guess, I should say quite £50,000 was spent in ring-fees at the Summer Meeting, and quite £15,000 in addition in food and drinks. I need scarcely add that a wet meeting would play ducks and drakes with these figures.

thousands of racegoers at Brighton, Newmarket, Goodwood, Lewes, or Epsom doffing their hats and dusting them with their handkerchiefs. This is never done at the Park meetings, and is only necessary on the chalk courses, which, by-the-bye, are always of the best, for with a chalk subsoil the race-track cannot get too hard in the summer or too soft in the winter. I suggested years ago that six feet of chalk should be put under a foot of mould the whole length of the race-track at Ascot. This could easily be done. I experimented in this way on a farm thirty years ago, with the most complete success. As a matter of fact, I suggested twenty years ago that Kennington Oval should be treated thus. A chalk subsoil makes sound going, and that will account for the many winning horses trained on the famous Wiltshire Downs.



THE SKIN OF THE LARGEST BEAR IN THE WORLD BEFORE IT WAS MOUNTED.

The race for the Manchester Cup will take place on Friday, June 16, but I am afraid the field will not be a large one, although quality will be there. As I have said many times before, the handicaps at Castle Irwell do not yield anything like as well as they did at New Barns, and, seemingly, owners do not like the new course as well as they did the old one. Yet the going is now good and sound on the new track, and the betting is always lively at the Manchester meetings. For the race under notice, Roe O'Neill has been backed by the right people. He is not overburdened with weight. If Madden is in the saddle, he will be well ridden. Saltpetre, who is trained by Baker at Weyhill, is a big street-corner tip. The horse won at Goodwood like a smasher, and, if fit, he should go close. Torpoint was much fancied for the City and Suburban, and was struck out of the race at the last moment owing to an accident. Seven stone ten pounds is not a prohibitive weight. Bachelor's Button may give way to St. Denis, a colt that has been waited for for some time by the speculating public. War Wolf (8 st. 3 lb.) is a good performer over the course, and for that reason alone must be ticked dangerous, and I think either War Wolf or Roe O'Neill will win.

At no meeting in England is the "tic-tac" business so useful to the punters and layers as it is at the Epsom fixtures. The paddock is so far away from the stands, to begin with, while the men betting on the



THE LARGEST BEAR IN THE WORLD: TRYING THE SKIN ON THE CLAY DUMMY.

The magnificent male bear here shown fell to the guns of five members of the Andrew J. Stone Expedition, which was despatched by the American Museum of Natural History to collect Arctic mammals and birds in Alaska, and is to form one of the features of the Department of Mammalogy in the Museum. He measures eight feet in length, is nearly five feet high, and weighed about 1,600 pounds.

Photographs by Walter L. Beasley.



THE SKIN MOUNTED, SHOWING THE BEAR AS HE APPEARED IN LIFE.

On no racecourse in England is the chalk-dust so troublesome as it is at Epsom when the water-carts have not been brought into play. True, going up the Lewes hill it is possible at times to be well-nigh suffocated with clouds of chalk-dust, but the blow does not, seemingly, last so long as it does on the draughty Epsom hills. With signs of an approaching storm, it is interesting to watch

other side of the course are so far removed from Tattersall's that no one supposed to be in the know could know anything if the noble art of hand-signalling were done away with. The signallers may be seen by anyone on a stand on the other side of the course making signs to men on the Grand Stand and in the rings—that is to say, repeating messages they in turn have received by signal from the paddock.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE powers that be have at last taken the matter of Servants' Registries into their potent, grave, learned, but very slow-going consideration; and it was quite time. The London County Council, in seeking powers of control over employment-agencies, domestic and otherwise, is not a day too soon in its hope of stopping the fraudulent practices frequently resorted to by certain of the lower class of servants' registry offices. As Lord Robert Cecil pointed out in the House this week, unhappy girls are defrauded of their shilling or half-crown on the promise of a situation which is rarely or never obtained, and have no redress whatever for the loss of their money. But it is the mistress who is more frequently victimised and on whom these disreputable agencies really exist. She enters; she asks for the required sort of servant; she is assured many are on the books and will be immediately forthcoming. She is cajoled into paying a fee, or a preliminary half-fee even, and she is forthwith at the mercy of these sharks, who, to keep within the law, send one or two impossible specimens, and after that—promises. Naturally, one exempts the well-conducted offices, often run by women of good birth nowadays, which are obviously safe and satisfactory. But these are not all, and dozens of dishonest dens abound where mistress and maid alike are fleeced and defrauded. Scores of cases could be cited, as Lady Vincent, President of the "S. F. S.," said the other day, so it is really to be hoped the County Council will obtain powers to deal with this abuse of an otherwise most useful industry.

When Mr. Ernest, of Regent Street, asserts in "a personal and important note," heading his new booklet of summer fashions, that his personal supervision is given to mark the individuality of every garment, it is as good as saying that perfection results, for this

"scores," his hats, gowns, cloaks being as original as they are exquisite, and absolutely ungetable anywhere else. In the dainty brochure alluded to (and this is sent anywhere on receipt of a post-card) this distinctiveness of style is evident; but how much more so to those who can pay 185, Regent Street, a visit and see its attractions for themselves.

Apropos of the revived popularity of broderie Anglaise, our artist has sketched a delightful little frock, essentially French in its



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING MODEL AT PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD STREET.

celebrated man-milliner, who has gowned the most fastidious women of three continents, is certainly a master of his craft, and speaks with an authority on the matter of clothes which is only given to those who have proved themselves expert in their own branch of art or industry. The personally created model in chiffons of a master mind must materially differ—no pun intended—from the experiments of a dozen lesser experts; and it is here that Ernest so unmistakably



[Copyright.]

A GARDEN-PARTY FROCK.

arrangement of this charming material. The three-quarter coat of white silk "sheeting" opens over a lace vest, banded in at the waist with pale-mauve chiffon velours. The hat of white chip is wreathed with roses and heliotrope, and the petticoat over which the flounced frock is lifted at a dusty crossing is also heliotrope, veiled in lace. Arrangements in black and white, even when put together with only second-best art, are more often pleasing than otherwise; but when one comes on a masterpiece like the blouse of our second sketch, which has been copied from an original at Peter Robinson's, of Oxford Street, the immediate sensation is a desire of ownership. Black Mechlin and white Mechlin are the component parts of this engaging garment, with a substratum of white taffetas and "fixin's" of glittering paste buckles. The high waist is of pliable velours mousseline, the turn-back cuffs also. If anyone can design a prettier blouse, she should at once open up negotiations with the Rue de la Paix, where heaven-born designers are always in demand.

Talking of paste buckles and their adaptability to present styles of dress, the Parisian Diamond Company have dozens of charming examples, some with enamels and coloured jewels intermixed, some set only with their incomparable diamonds and pearls. All charming! New patterns in the fashionable pendant ear-rings are also nowhere more beautifully designed and set than at the four establishments of this famous Company, which outrivals all rivals in the beauty of its productions.

The ideal country cottage, though more rare than of old, before motors were and when the adventurous City man contented his soul with a suburban villa, is still to be occasionally found. A friend has just alighted on one, with dormer-windows here and lattice-panes there, three-feet thick walls, and real panelled oak. To furnish it in time for lovely June thereupon became the immediate desire of her soul. Modern furniture was not to be thought of, and there was no time for "picking things up" here and there, so to Gill and Reigate we sallied forth, knowing they have a never-failing supply of genuine and moderately-priced antiques. Half the charming things we annexed would fill a page: an old fire-screen, with extending panels, to begin with; an inlaid pedestal sideboard, with its brass-bound mahogany wine-cooler to match; an old brass-inlaid china-cabinet of the Sheraton period; a couple of Queen Anne corner-cupboards and talboys for the long, low dining-room. Prints were there, genuine "finds" in their original frames, and Queen Anne Chippendale mirrors. The question was, as my friend's purse is fairly long, what not to buy, one thing after another proved so particularly desirable. Certainly Gill and Reigate are not far wrong in calling their place the "Old Curiosity Shop." But, apart from the galleries sacred to antiques, we found some excellent and original modern furniture, which, though unsuited to a Jacobean cottage, was remarkable for its excellence of design and moderate prices. We also found that spring-cleaning is a speciality with Gill and Reigate. They re-lay carpets, adapt curtains, and do wonders in renovating and restoring one's household treasures generally when entrusted with them for that purpose. Gill and Reigate photograph all their antiques, so people unable to come to town can always obtain a series of photographs of any article desired.

With the coming of summer and all the gracious loveliness that follows in her train are inevitably one or two undesirables, midges, which have such a fatal affinity to open-work stockings, being one. To counteract the irritating influence these small beasts exercise on cuticle and comfort, Scrubb's Ammonia is an invaluable antidote. Of all aids to the ideal bath it is cheapest, and as a cleansing agent for brightening silver, removing grease-spots, and, in fact, making this world an infinitely more bearable place, Scrubb's mighty Ammonia is *the* thing. A toilet-soap manufactured by the Company is perfect for the skin, and has a whitening and soothing effect, in which it differs from most other soaps, which, being impregnated with alkalis, are hurtful to the hands and face.

That most excellent of institutions, the Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition Road, S.W., will hold its Annual Summer Sale on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 5th, 6th, and 7th of June next. These dates have been specially arranged by Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, President of the School, who will open and preside over the Sale, and will be supported by the members of the Council, vice-presidents, associates, and others. As a general rule, the show-rooms are open daily free, but, the occasion being unique and the bargains being many, a charge of half-a-crown will be made for admission during the sale, from 2.30 to 7 each day. This sum will, however, include tea. The music on the first day will be provided by the "Ladies' Amateur Band"; that on the second by Carl Heubert's Viennese Orchestra, contributed by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild; that on the third, by Mr. Harry Tipper, who will give hand-bell solos.

SYBIL.

When "A Message from Mars" is revived at the Avenue on June 19, Mr. Charles Hawtrey will play the character in which he has made so great a success in America and London. Mr. Arthur Williams will also be seen in his original part of the Tramp.

By a slip of the pen, we stated in our last issue that the sale of the valuable library of his Honour Judge Philbrick, K.C., took place last week, whereas it is being held at the world-famous auction-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., this week—from Monday last, the 29th, on Tuesday, the 30th, and to-day, the 31st. The catalogue, as is usual in Messrs. Sotheby's catalogues, presents a number of particularly interesting lots, including a wonderful series of "Eikon Basilikes." Judge Philbrick has been known for at least a quarter of a century as an ardent and learned book-buyer, and the dispersal of his collection has attracted many experts from all over the world.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAY RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company has made many special arrangements for the Whitsuntide holidays. Excursion tickets will be issued to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on June 8, 9, and 11, and by trains leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. on Saturday, June 10. They will also be issued by the night mail-service, and will be available for fourteen days. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on Saturday, June 10, and Sunday, June 11; returning at 12.5 or 7.10 p.m. on Whit-Monday. The Casino at Boulogne will be open. On Whit-Sunday, special day excursions will be run to Boulogne and Calais. Cheap tickets to Brussels will be issued from June 7 to 12, inclusive, available for eight days. Special cheap eight-day return tickets to Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, and other Dutch towns will be issued from June 7 to 12, inclusive. Cheap seven-day excursion tickets to Liège (for the Exhibition), via Calais and via Ostend, will be issued daily. Cheap eight-day return tickets to Ostend will be issued from June 7 to 12, inclusive. The home arrangements are equally good, and include facilities for visits to many seaside resorts, etc. Full particulars of the excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

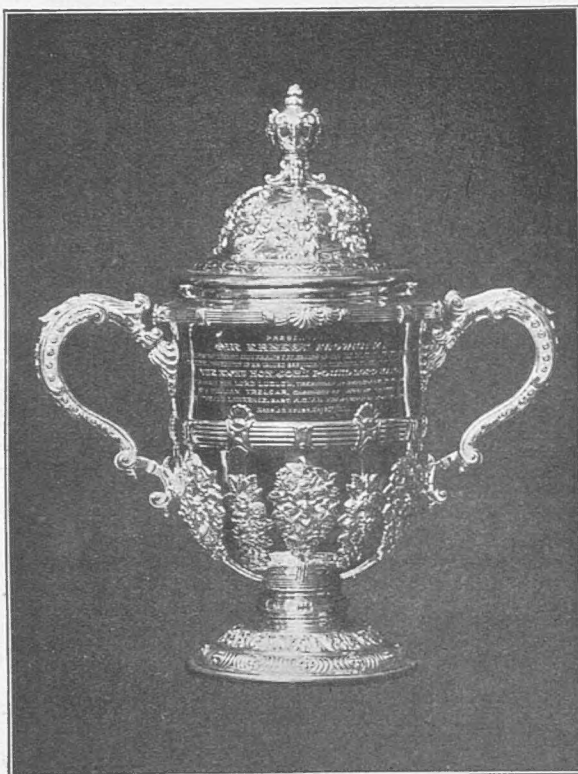
The A.B.C. Programme issued by the Great Central Railway Company contains details of ample and admirable facilities for those desirous of spending the holiday at places reached by their picturesque and comfortable route. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to all the principal towns in the Midlands, North of England, North-East and North-West Coast watering-places, and Scotland. Special fast trains will leave Marylebone at 12.5 midnight on Friday and Saturday, June 9 and 10, and additional expresses will be run at convenient times on Saturday, June 10. The programme can be obtained free at Marylebone Station or at any of the Company's town offices and agencies. The same Company has just erected on the Cleethorpes pier, which it owns, a very handsome new Concert and Dancing Pavilion, in place of the old one destroyed by fire. The new structure is to be opened on the Saturday before Whitsuntide, and to mark the special occasion a remarkably strong array of musical talent has been engaged.

The Great Northern Railway Company will run express excursions to the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coast, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, and West Riding, Yorkshire coast, moors, and dales, North-East England, and Scotland. Half-day, day, week-end, and long-date excursions are announced. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained at Great Northern Stations, Town Offices, Agencies, or from the Chief Passenger Agent, Great Northern Railway, King's Cross, London.

The Midland Railway Company has arranged Whitsuntide excursions from London (St. Pancras) to the principal provincial towns and holiday resorts in the United Kingdom and Ireland, including the Peak of Derbyshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, the Lake District, Belfast and Dublin, and Scotland. Full particulars are given in the Company's Whitsuntide Programmes, which may be had, post free, from the District Superintendent, Midland Railway, St. Pancras, Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and any Midland station-master or agent in the London District.

Those who would spend their holiday abroad should study the arrangements made by the Great Eastern Railway Company. Cheap return tickets will be issued by the Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, daily, to Liège, for the Exhibition, Brussels, the Ardennes, Switzerland, etc. Dining and breakfast cars are run between Liverpool Street Station and Parkeston Quay, Harwich, for table d'hôte dinner and breakfast. Further information may be obtained from the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company has arranged excursions to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe for Whitsun. Fourteen-day excursions via Newhaven will be run from June 8 to 11, and Friday to Wednesday cheap return tickets will be issued to Dieppe. Details can be obtained from the Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.



THE SILVER CUP PRESENTED TO SIR ERNEST FLOWER, M.P.,
IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SERVICES TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

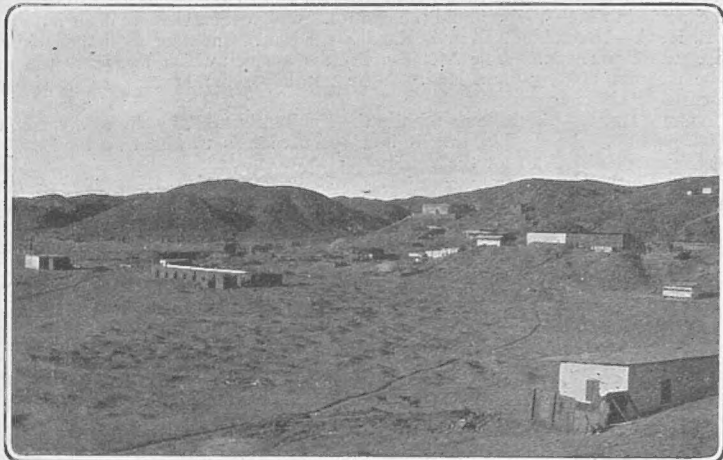
The silver cup and cover here shown is a replica of one now in possession of the Goldsmiths' Company, and made by Paul Lamerie in 1739. It was made and supplied by Messrs. John Pound and Co., Silversmiths and Dressing-case Makers, 81 to 84, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 13.

INACTIVITY AND ITS CAUSES.

THE markets continue inactive, a state of affairs caused chiefly by uncertainty in the American section and the fear of what this settlement may disclose. The Eastern position does not improve matters, and the rumour of a Japanese naval defeat, although generally disbelieved, and, it now appears,



UM GARAIART FROM THE WEST, NILE VALLEY COMPANY.

with very good reason, served to remind people that such things may happen.

THE LIVERPOOL NITRATE COMPANY.

The following paragraph is written by a gentleman of whose knowledge and business ability we have had considerable opportunity of judging, and who at our request has consented from time to time to write for the benefit of our readers a short note as to any really tempting investment he may have special information about. "Q" is in no sense a tipster, but we feel confident that in the course of time our readers will learn to respect his judgment on investment questions from happy experience.

LIVERPOOL NITRATES.

The shares of this Company are now in the neighbourhood of £16, and, notwithstanding the very considerable rise which has taken place, I do not consider them overvalued. It must be remembered that in the price is included the sum of £3, which, in the shape of a return of capital, is to come to the shareholders in the course of a month or two. In this connection, the words of the Chairman at the recent meeting are also of importance. He said: "Of course, the reduction of capital would not alter, in any way, the dividend-paying capacity of the Company. They hoped to continue paying the shareholders as good dividends in the future as in the past. The only difference would be that for every 10 per cent. they now paid on a capital of £110,000 they would pay 25 per cent. on the reduced capital of £44,000." The working capital, after this return, will still be £51,732, which is ample for the needs of the Company. Deducting, therefore, this £3 from the price of the shares, a buyer to-day pays about £13 for a share, and, assuming that the present rate of dividend is maintained, will receive 30s. per share per annum, or over 11½ per cent. on his investment. The payment of the dividend of 30s. per share requires £33,000, and the profits for the last two years have been £46,000 and £39,000 respectively, after allowing for depreciation of machinery and plant. In a nitrate-producing Company, the question of "life" is as important as in the case of a mine, and, in this connection, I cannot do better than quote from the Chairman's speech at the last annual meeting. Mr. George Barker then stated that "Mr. R. R. Lockett had recently visited South America, and his opinion of the works and of their future prosperity was very optimistic. He was afraid to tell them how many years Mr. Lockett said the deposits would last; but they would certainly last their time and their children's time. In another twenty-one years they would still be in their prime."

An investment in a Nitrate Company involves a certain amount of risk, but this is balanced by the high return obtainable. I do not think any of your readers will be hurt by putting a few hundreds into this flourishing concern, to which I should not draw attention had I not grounds for confidence derived from the best authorities in the trade.

AMERICANS.

By constituting itself a menace to other markets of the Stock Exchange, the American section maintains its position of premier interest, and the punter who deals for profits of an eighth or a quarter can still enjoy gambling to his heart's content. Measures have lately been taken by the more responsible dealers in the American Market to check the wilder sort of speculation, and to some extent the evil has certainly been met by this means. But since New York is manifestly at the mercy of mere gamblers, who deal in immense lines of shares and whose credit is not increased by recent operations, London looks on with a distinctly critical eye, half-wondering what is going to be the end of it all and how long the Yankee Market is likely to play such a leading part in the drama of the House at large. With regard to the course of prices, our own opinion would be to distrust the market for the present. Atchisons are probably cheap at 80, and the investment shares, such as Illinois, New York Central, and Milwaukee, have fallen sufficiently to give them the appearance of being more reasonably priced now; while Canadian Pacifics are pretty sure to go to 160 again. In the rubbish of the Yankee department, however, we fail to discern any "bargains," and a little more

credit-shaking over the water would have a drastic effect upon prices all round. Sundry spurts there may and, no doubt, will be, but there is a lack of staying-power about prices which suggests that the bulls have not very much more to go for at present.

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Thanks mostly to the erratic progress of the American Market, Hudson's Bay shares were hammered to below 70, and although they have smartly recovered at the time of writing, there is the chance that the price may dip below the round 70 again if Americans should slump. Were this to happen, the wary buyer might do worse than take up a few shares. Another stock adversely affected by American Rails is Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred, in which a fair-sized bull account exists, large enough to cause discomfort, if stale holders attempted to realise all in a hurry. From Anglo-American to Anglo-Argentine is a far cry, but the Tramway Ordinary and Preference shares of the latter are still worth buying, and can be trusted to show a good profit hereafter. As a speculative investment, River Plate Electric Ordinary should be studied. The price is half-a-sovereign, and the shares are receiving no dividend. Twelve months hence it should be standing half as high again, at the least, with the prospect of an early distribution upon the shares. Gas Light and Coke has come into favour upon the Corporation's decision to light part of the City with gas instead of electricity, but none of the Electrical shares have been influenced by this reverting to an old order of things. Electric Lighting shares, indeed, are very steady, having quite recovered from the little scare to which they were subjected by the new Power Bill. It has become increasingly evident that none of the existing lighting concerns will be at all disadvantaged, which confirms the view set forth in these columns before the decline in prices was stayed. Amongst the Restaurant shares to be affected by the slump are Lyons and Tea Tables; Slaters are also very weak. Careful search in the market for the reason of this fails to reveal any further cause than sympathy with the flatness elsewhere. The settlement in *Daily Mail* shares will take place very soon, and in the meantime the Ordinary are about sixpence premium, and the Preference ninepence discount.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Delightful, but fearfully demoralising," and Our Stroller looked again with keen delight at the cool grass of the Third Polo Ground, and swung round on his heel to face the conservatory, where the cane chairs with the brilliant cushions looked painfully deserted.

"Why demoralising?" demanded his companion, driving a daisy-head to square-leg. "One round, eh? What d'you say to only one more round?"

"I am going to the City," announced Our Stroller, with an air of statuesque martyrdom. "One cannot play all day and every day"; and again he glanced at the beautiful grounds, which look always best in their mantle of spring.

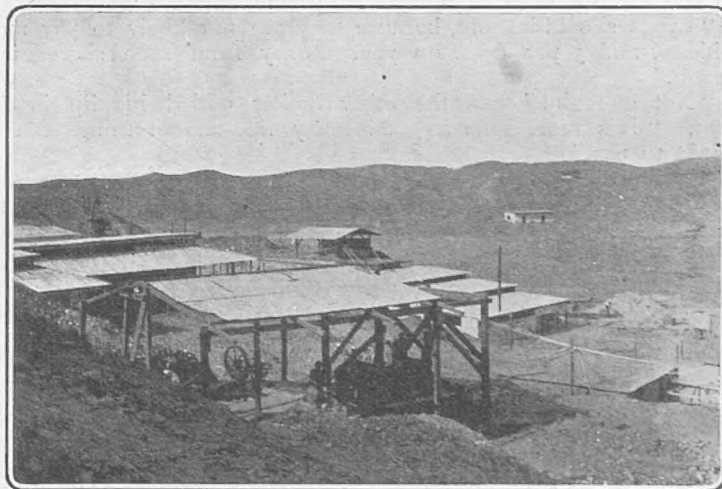
"Yankees, I suppose?" questioned his friend, with a quizzical air. "Well, I've had 'em myself. Wonder what Unions are now?"

"Let's go and see." And off The Stroller started. "Can I go to the City in this rig?"

"Why not? Even brokers wear straw hats in the Stock Exchange nowadays, I'm told."

"I'm a bear of Unions," confided The Stroller's companion, as they bowled along eastwards. "Think I'm right?"

"It's quite likely," answered our friend, judiciously. "Quite

PANORAMA FROM MANAGER'S HOUSE, UM GARAIART.
NILE VALLEY COMPANY.

likely. I had a cable from New York the other day, and my people over there told me not to go too far short; but nobody knows."

"Are you acting upon this advice?"

"Only in a very *piano* way. In the minor key, so to speak. I never plunge."

"Unions, I'll bet a dollar rise in fifty!" exclaimed the other.

"As I also am a small bear of Unions, I decline to take your

bet," and The Stroller smiled to himself. "Shall we get out here and walk up?"

They dismissed their cab at the bottom of Queen Victoria Street, and talked Americans for the rest of the way to Throgmorton Street.

They found the Court nearly half-full of small groups of men, some talking with great volubility.

"Sell them? Of course, sell them," almost shouted one excited little man, who was bouncing about like an incarnate tennis-ball.

"And so say all of us," rejoined another, with a yawn. "Wish it was a quarter past three, and the prices had come over."

"Sell on every fall: buy on every break."

"Don't be such an ass," was the indignant rejoinder. "Why you trouble yourself to talk blatant rot is more than——"

"I admit it was a trifle platitudinous," and the other laughed.

"We are all bears of Yankees inside," said a man who had just left the House. He passed round his price-slip, with the latest quotations.

"Who authorised you to speak for the whole House?" demanded another member, hotly, as he strode into the group.

"They will wrangle about that for hours," observed The Stroller. "Let us 'trot our barriers' higher up."

"Selling, selling everywhere, and no one's a share to sell!" said a man leaning against the scaffolding beneath the new Committee Rooms.

"Markets should be, therefore, in a very healthily prepared state for a rise," inferred his neighbour.

"That they should, and that they are. Why, take Consols——"

"With pleasure. How many?"

"Waggish, aren't you! You may take as many as you like to buy, and make money out of them."

"End of the six months coming on, you know."

"I include that in my account. And, if Consols improve, everything will do ditto ditto. Which will be all right oh!" And the speaker cheerfully whistled a few bars of "The Glory Song."

"*Poeta nascitur*," murmured the other. "I should like to be a bull, but I haven't the heart to buy."

"Exactly. Same with everyone else. Hence these markets. Hence these falls. Hence these——"

"Ditto—dittoes," suggested the facetious one. "I thought we should drop on to a sartorial subject before long, and——"

Our Stroller heaved an impatient sigh. "Why *won't* the beggars talk business for more than two seconds on end?" he demanded of his companion.

"Perhaps it's because the strain would be too heavy, for one thing, and perhaps it's because there isn't any business, for another. Why, bless my soul——!"

"How do you do?" Our Stroller was saying to another man, and simultaneously the two friends turned to each other with——

"Allow me to introduce you to my broker."

Four men shook hands, and then the two brokers nodded to one another very familiarly.

"There's no need to introduce you two, that's patent," said Our Stroller, handing round his cigar-case.

"We have been close enemies for years past," one of the brokers genially remarked, as the quartette moved slowly along the Street. "We were quarrelling about Lyons shares only half-an-hour ago."

"He says Lyons are too dear, which is absurd," maintained The Stroller's broker.

"A very *Daniel* come to judgment!" cried the other, hastening to add that it was entirely original and unpremeditated.

"Lyons should be sold, because they are not likely to pay more dividend, and 5 per cent. on your money from such shares isn't enough."

"Not enough!" and the other broker curled his lip in fine scorn. "It's more than a good many free-market things can be bought to pay."

"Dividend may go down."

"Not it. For a reasonably safe 5 per cent. investment—and the shares pay a trifle more at their present price—you can put anybody into Lyons."

"Remember Jonah!" and The Stroller started the sickly smile that ensued. "I shall not sell my Lyons, notwithstanding Jonah's experience. How are my Unions?"

"About half-a-dollar over parity," answered both brokers in a breath.

"But going down?" inquired one of the bears, anxiously.

The two brokers eyed one another. Neither spoke. Then both clients roared with laughter.

"Oh come, I say," protested The Stroller's agent. "You'll have the whole Street staring at us."

"It was so funny to see you two watching each other, as if you were afraid——"

Both brokers vowed upon the spot that they knew Unions would go down.

"And Home Rails?" asked The Stroller.

"And Kaffirs?" demanded his friend.

But a sudden descent into the "Tube" room at Lyons' prevented the rest of the conversation from being handed down to posterity.

Saturday, May 27, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

REFRIGERATOR.—There is such a concern as you mention, but no information is to be obtained about it, and the shares have no dealing-price. There is no Egyptian Cold Storage Company, as far as we know, and certainly it is impossible to give you any idea of what the prospective right to the shares you name, when the Company is floated, may be worth. The Irish Railway Ordinary stock is about 12, which amply represents its dividend prospects. Three Pref. stocks still go short.

LENA (Queenstown).—We hear Babcock and Wilcox are doing very well. If you are going to hold, make up your mind to do so until next April. The autumn dividend is only an interim one. Richard Hill shares should be held. Beardmore is a concern in which Vickers hold the control. Only debentures are dealt in.

E. H. C.—Undoubtedly New Zealand 4 per cent. Bonds are safer than either of the concerns you name. The Atchison Pref. is a stock which fluctuates too much to be pleasant holding for a lady. Why not buy some Electric Light shares or Argentine Railway stocks.

ALPHA BETA.—We have no faith in the Explorations. The shares are 20s. with 8s. 6d. paid up. As to the Mine, it is a speculation as to which we have only the information published to all the world.

MRS. F. S.—The Nitrate concern is, of course, somewhat speculative, but at present doing well. Such things are hardly suitable for a lady's permanent investment.

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